

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN.

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SEYMOUR, INDIANA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1909.

PRICE TWO CENTS

CHILD WAS LOST

With Dog For Companion Was Out All Night.

The story below is clipped from a Sisseton, South Dakota, paper. Wm. Neiderbaumer is a brother of Mrs. John Grelle, of this city, and formerly lived here. The child that was lost is Mrs. Grelle's niece. The story reads as follows:

"Last Wednesday evening about milking time the three years and nine months old daughter, named Esther, of William Neiderbaumer strayed away from the farm home in Grant township. She was soon missed but no search by the family could locate her. Mr. Neiderbaumer and neighbors spent the whole night in the search, which availed nothing.

"The following day, July 8, 1909, word was phoned to friends in this city and augmented by nearly two scores of men from here a searching party composed of nearly two hundred persons traversed the grain fields and pastures over an area of nearly two miles square in the hope of finding the little girl. About five o'clock in the afternoon as the Sisseton squad were coming out of a field of grain about a mile and a half from the Neiderbaumer home the little girl emerged from the field and went over to the home of Wm. Peter.

"She was taken home but aside from being hungry the girl showed no injury or fatigue.

"On being questioned the little girl said she went away after a strange dog she was chasing and followed it to a house on Indian land vacated some time ago by Frank Redman. There the child and the dog remained all night and on the following day she wandered about in the grain fields until she heard the noise of the men talking and ran out of the grain. Her story is believed to be true because during the night a heavy rain fell and the child showed no signs of having been out in the storm. It was a happy homecoming at Neiderbaumer's and the parents are duly grateful for the child's return."

Italians Strike.

Thirty Italians employed at the steam shovel of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern railway at the sandpit between Bedford and Riverdale went on a strike Thursday to enforce a demand for pay for extra time. The whole crowd went to Bedford. The time keeper was the only man in the bunch who could speak English and from him it was learned that the men were getting \$1.50 a day and they were satisfied with this for ten hours, but they were being required to put in from eleven to twelve hours without extra compensation.

At Dinner.

Miss Nellie Crane very charmingly entertained a company of friends at an elegant 6 o'clock dinner Wednesday evening at her home on Bruce street in honor of Miss Pauline Roegge, of Wisconsin. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Jack Brunow, Misses Julia Kerkhof, Elizabeth Reinhart, Amy Roegge and Pauline Roegge. It was a musical company and after dinner the evening was given over to a delightful musical program. Miss Reinhart entertained with dialect readings.

Sues His City.

Charles Redman, proprietor of a hotel at North Vernon, has brought suit against his city for \$10,000 damages. He went through a bad place in a sidewalk a few weeks ago and broke his leg and now he wants the city to pay him. A city makes a mistake when it does not keep its streets and sidewalks in a safe condition.

Saturday's Cash Bargains.

Waymansville flour per bag.....75c
Potatoes per bushel.....50c
Jowl Bacon per pound.....12c
Breakfast Bacon, 6 to 8 pounds.....18c
20c Loose coffee now.....15c
3 per cent. discount checks with all goods.

HOADLEY'S CUT RATE GROCERY.

CALL US UP

Old Phone 400, New Phone 633.
When in need of anything in the DRUG line.
We will give you prompt service and Best quality of Drugs and Sundries.
Prescriptions Correctly Compounded.
Give our Ice Cream Soda a trial.

Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Arm Broken.

George Christopher, a young man residing about five miles southwest of this city, near the Seymour-Brownstown road, fell out of the back end of a wagon Thursday evening and dislocated his left arm at the elbow. He and his brother were working in the bottoms and he had just climbed in the wagon to start home. His brother started up a little sooner than George had expected and he lost his balance and fell to the ground, his entire weight falling on his left arm. He was brought to Seymour soon afterwards where he received surgical attention. The bones seem to be practically uninjured and the ligaments in good condition though the injury has been very painful. The arm will be pretty sore for two or three weeks.

New School Books.

An entire new set of readers, including the primer, first, second, third, fourth and fifth readers, will be put in use in the schools of this state this fall. The new books are known as the Howe readers and were adopted by the State Board of Education after a spirited contest. There is an exchange price offered for the old readers, and pupils having old books will not have to pay the purchase price in full providing they surrender their old readers in exchange. Where a class is in the middle of an old reader and has another year's work before finishing it, the new readers will not be required this year, and the class may go ahead with the old reader until it is finished.

PERSONAL.

Edward Mundt, of Madison, was in the city this afternoon.

W. L. Simpson was here from Madison this afternoon.

C. A. Wymond, of Madison, was in the city this afternoon.

John Q. Foster, of Uniontown, was in the city this afternoon.

W. T. Thompson was here from Edinburg this afternoon.

George Manuel, undertaker at Free-town, was in the city this afternoon.

Charles Lambring, of Sauers, was transacting business in the city this afternoon.

Miss Verna Weaver, of N. Ewing street, is spending several days with friends in Cincinnati.

Mr. Poppenhaus, huxter at Waymansville, was transacting business in the city this morning.

Mrs. John Sheron, of Cincinnati, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Ida Miller, of N. Chestnut street.

C. J. Atkinson returned on the motor car this afternoon from a business trip to Brownstown.

Clyde Keach, cashier of the Crothersville bank, came up from Brownstown on the motor car this afternoon.

Miss Norrine Weaver, daughter of Jesse Weaver, of N. Ewing street, went to Cincinnati Thursday on a visit with friends.

George Aufenberg, who resides about three miles east of the city, has been suffering with typhoid for the past two weeks but is improving at present.

Floyd McCabe, who came here recently from Lafayette to accept a position with the Andrews-Schwenk Drug Company, has resigned his position to accept another elsewhere.

Harry Williams came down from Columbus Thursday evening and went to Bedford this morning to spend the day. He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Anita, who has been visiting relatives here for several days. She will remain until Sunday when she will be accompanied home by Mrs. Avis Hoadley, who will spend a week visiting relatives and friends at Columbus.

Ask your grocer for Resiner's Home Bread

William H. Bower is reported dangerously ill of heart trouble at his home near Kurtz. Dr. Osterman was called to see him in consultation with the attending physician.

Blue plums, peaches, hulled butter beans, Teckemeyer's.

Improvements.

Work has been begun on the concrete curb and gutter on west Second street, west of Poplar. Fall will soon be here and it is about time that steps are being taken toward all the concrete work that is to be completed before the summer of 1910. The proposed work on W. Fourth street that has been spoken of so often might be finished yet this fall and it would be a good time to get busy before the city campaign is on.

The carpenters are at work on the new two-story residence of Mrs. Manning on the south side of E. Second street, between Broadway and Vine. The residence will be completed ready for occupancy yet late this fall. It will have nine rooms and a bath and a modern veranda in front and will be built in modern style throughout.

Some of the residences in course of erection during the summer are just now nearing completion but most of the carpenters will be busy yet for several weeks. August, September and October will all be good building months.

Crazy Luke's Dream.

How the dream of one generation may become the reality of the next is illustrated by the history of the tunnels under the Hudson river. In 1865 an elderly man haunted Wall street with a plan for tunneling the river from Hoboken and bringing in trains precisely as is done today. He was regarded as a nuisance, called "crazy Luke," and finally carried off to an asylum, where he died; but in less than ten years engineers declared the plan feasible, capital was interested, and though many discouragements, the work has been carried to completion, through the faith and persistence of another so-called "dreamer," W. G. McAdoo.

Visited Columbus Plant.

The eastern railroad men who came here yesterday afternoon to visit the cross tie treating plant of the Indianapolis, Columbus & Southern Traction Company, went away well pleased. It is probable that the Philadelphia & Reading road will install a similar plant in the future. After the visitors had looked at the tie plant they were taken for a tour of the city in the Irwin automobile. They were highly pleased with the looks of Columbus.—Columbus Republican.

Odd Fellows Active.

The Odd Fellows of Seymour are having lively times in spite of warm weather. Tonight Beharrell Encampment will install officers and also have the usual accessories, and at the same time the subordinate degree staff will meet for rehearsal. Next Tuesday night the Brownstown Lodge will come in a body and will bring several candidates to whom the degrees will be given here.

Reunion.

The annual reunion of the Sixty-sixth Indiana Regimental Association will be held in New Albany Friday, August 20. The business meeting will be held at the court house during the morning and afternoon and at night a camp fire will be held at Sanderson Post Hall. The regiment was mustered into service there and made a fine record during the civil war. Capt. Andrew Fite, of New Albany, is president of the association.

Base Ball.

The Henryville base ball team will be here next Sunday to play the Seymour boys. Henryville has a good club and a fine game is looked for.

Masons Meet Tonight.

Special meeting of Jackson Lodge tonight for work in first degree. Come.

A small customer appeared at the grocery store, and the smiling grocer asked him what he wanted.

"Please, mister," said the boy, "I can't remember what ma sent me for, but you can give me 2 cents' worth of peppermint candy, 'cause she said I could keep the change."—Century.

The seven months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry K. Hamilton is very ill at their home at Indianapolis. Mr. Hamilton was formerly a barber in this city.

The Seymour baseball team will hereafter be known as the Dehler's Stores team. The new suits of all the players bear the name of this well-known firm.

The Progressive Music Company has sold a fine Ivers & Pond piano to Harvey Prall, of E. Fifth street, a fireman on the B. & O.

Frank Kerkhof, 5 N. Chestnut street for ice cream, fruits and cigars.

ad-1f

Shave with Berdon, the barber.

CIRCUS BILLS

Sells-Floto Shows Being Advertised Far And Near.

Sells-Floto Advance Car No. 3 is here today with Dave Jarrett in charge and twenty men are billing the town and country for thirty miles around. Mr. Jarrett states that the world famous Armour Grays have no duplicate with any other circus, and their tour has been marked with pronounced success abroad and all the way from the Pacific Coast up to now, and is called the most worthy high class attraction that has ever toured with any circus.

Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, who attended the Sells-Floto Combined Shows recently, was loud in his praise of the performance, and particularly so of the excellent exhibition given by the \$25,000 Armour Grays.

Among Secretary Wilson's complimentary remarks were the following: "Every farmer and his son should see the Armour team; they are the largest and most beautiful draft horses in the world. These powerful gray percherons gelding are a great attraction."

Committeemen Chosen.

A goodly number of republicans responded to the call and met at the council chamber Thursday evening to participate in the election of city precinct committeemen. Order was called by H. C. Dannett, secretary of the last city committee. He stated the purpose of the meeting after which the following precinct and ward committeemen were chosen:

First ward—1st precinct, Louis Becker, 2nd precinct, W. J. Weaver.

Second ward, Edward A. Remy.

Third ward, James DeGolyer.

Fourth ward, George Peter.

Fifth ward, James Horning.

Committeemen will meet next Tuesday night at 7 o'clock in council chamber to organize by electing a chairman and secretary.

State House Too Small.

Governor Marshall probably will recommend to the next legislature that authority be given some one to arrange quarters for the various state officials and departments.

Owing to the increase in the state's business and the growing number of deputies, it has been found that the state house was not large enough.

Demarchus Brown, state librarian, will recommend that the state erect a new building for the use of the library, the state geologist, the state board of agriculture and other departments.

To Cigarette Smokers.

It would be well if every boy in the entire country who is given to smoking cigarettes could cut this out, paste it in his hat and read it every morning before breakfast: "Out of 2,500 boys recently examined in the schools of Kansas only six cigarette smokers were found to be what would generally be termed 'bright.' Ten of the remainder were average students, while all the rest of the 2,500 were found to be poor at their studies, or worthless."

Soldiers' Reunion.

The annual old soldiers' reunion held at Camp Joe Wheeler, ten miles from Madison, will take place this year on August 18, 19 and 20. Isaac Stout and his daughter, Mrs. Andrew Huckleberry, former residents of Jefferson county, will be among those who will take in the reunion to renew old acquaintances, and many others from here expect to attend.—Jeffersonville News.

You get the Courier-Journal, Louisville Times, Chicago Record-Herald, Indianapolis News, daily at

COLE'S SMOKE HOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Billings were guests of Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Graessle and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Graessle at Peters' cabin last evening. Mr. Billings caught the biggest bass taken out of Peters' lake for some time.

Robert Metzger, the Indianapolis chief of police, was here last night the guest of friends at the Elk's cottage on the river west of the city.

Advertising car No. 3, of the Sells-Floto Shows, arrived in this city last evening and remained here until some time today.

Get your ice cream at Sweaney's stand, corner Chestnut and Tipton.

ad-1d

Three months of Oxford weather yet. Get a pair at cost at Ross.

ad-1d

Silver Heights Meeting.

The Ohio Falls Holiness Association which is now holding its annual camp-meeting at the camp grounds on Silver Hills, west of New Albany, held a business meeting this week and discussed matters of interest to the association. The mortgage indebtedness of the association has been paid off and a number of improvements have been made on the property. A new roof will be placed on the large frame tabernacle before the next camp meeting. The following officers will serve until the next annual meeting: President, the Rev. J. F. Severinghaus; vice president, the Rev. W. B. Grimes; secretary and treasurer, E. E. McPheeters; superintendent, the Rev. R. B. Norton; directors, J. F. Severinghaus, W. B. Grimes, E. E. McPheeters, H. J. Martin and Louis F. Ulmer. In addition to those mentioned the other members of the board are: John Crowe, H. W. Bybee, E. A. Severinghaus, Aura Smith, Joseph R. Flanagan, L. G. Stork, New York; T. H. Willis, Vincennes; John Paul, Louisville; John R. Cravens, Hardinsburg; J. H. Hancock, Fredericksburg, and W. J. Hart, Westfield, N. J.

The services will close next Sunday night and if the weather is favorable it is expected that 10,000 people will throng the grounds.

Now is the time to try a bottle of Whitmer's Eureka kidney and liver regulator.

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Fire Alarm.

The fire department was called to 416 E. Third street this morning shortly after nine o'clock where a fire had broken out in a tenement house belonging to John Fox, of Reddington. The fire had started on the roof perhaps from a spark and had burned through the shingles but the neighbors had it under control before the fire department arrived. The boys were out with the team taking their morning drive and were down near the German St. Paul church on W. Tipton street when the alarm was sounded. As is so often the case the fire bell rang the wrong section but the fire wagon was driven directly to the barn and continued on directly toward the fire without any delay. The damage to the property was very small.

Our Trade Circle.

The trade territory of a town is not all dependent upon the distance to neighboring trading points. The trade territory depends upon the enterprise of the merchants and the residents of the town. If the town does not reach after the trade it will come only as fast as it has to. But if the merchants go after business in the surrounding country, advertising and making good every word of their advertisements, trade will come from an ever-increasing radius, the town will gain a reputation for being wide awake and it will forge to the front. It is the men in the town, and not altogether the men living within a certain number of miles from it that make the town.—Corydon Republican.

Abe In Town.

"Abe Martin, of Indianapolis," is the way he signs his name on the register at the Hotel Jonas. But he does not know much about Ez Pash or Miss Fawn Lippencut but if anything is wanted in the line of goods he sells as a commercial traveler he knows how to make a sale.

Goes to Illinois.

M. W. Deputy, former superintendent of the Jennings county schools, has resigned the superintendency of the Columbia City schools to accept a similar position at Charlestown, Ill.

Game Cancelled.

The management of the Osgood baseball team has cancelled the date for Seymour at that place Sunday on account of the illness of their pitcher.

Too hot for Housekeepers to do baking, but Loertz, the baker, supplies them with cakes and pies.

Some people wear Oxfords all winter. You can get a pair at cost at Ross.

ad-1d

AT THE
NICKEL
TONIGHT
"Apostle of Saul"
"Morganatic Marriage"
SONG:
"Spooning With Your Lady Love"
Always 5 Cents

Case For Police.

The front steps of the church of the Nazarene at the north-west corner of Third street and Indianapolis avenue, has become a loafing place for some idlers and street loafers. Some of them collect there at all hours of the evening and on till the early hours of the morning. No curfew enforcement for them. They are boys and men who know better if they know anything. There has been much complaint heard from the residents of that part of the city. All kinds of vile language may be heard at all hours regardless of any sacredness that may hover about a house of worship. On Thursday evening the front of the church was battered by some degenerate who will be ready to apologize a thousand times if he is ever caught. Persons who are known to be habitual loafers on that corner and other places in town are being watched and one or more arrests may yet be made.

Praise Our Melons.

The canteloupe season is now at its height at Reddington, between here and Seymour, and thousands of the finest tiptops that ever soothed the palate of mortal man are being shipped to all parts of the country. Three and four cars are being daily shipped from Reddington, a majority of which go to Toledo and Cleveland, Ohio.

The melon crop this season does not come up to expectations. Raisers say the wet weather caused the blooms to drop off and prevented the crop from properly maturing. Last season at this time seven and eight cars daily from Reddington was the average output. Tiptons are almost exclusively raised in that locality, and the melon industry has become of much importance there.—Columbus Herald.

Bloomington Troubles.

The common council of Bloomington is trying to assess the cost to property owners of its recently completed \$100,000 sanitary sewer system. Every lot in the city is to be assessed according to benefits and the outlook now is that before the amount each lot owner is to pay is fixed that town will have a world of lawsuits on hand. The council is considering the assessment roll now and at the same time a lot of property owners have employed lawyers and will contest their assessments on the ground of inequality.

Died At Washington, D. C.

The remains of Mrs. Dora Marshall, wife of Gid T. Marshall, who died at her home at Washington, D. C., Wednesday afternoon from the effect of a paralytic stroke, arrived in Seymour Thursday night on the midnight train and were taken to Columbus, Ind., over the traction line for interment. The deceased was forty-seven years of age. Mrs. Marshall was formerly Miss Dora Hughes. She leaves a husband and one son. Mr. Marshall was agent for the Big Four Railway Company at Columbus for several years.

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Halls Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrah. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,

Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

If you want to buy men's suits, shoes, pants, ladies' skirts, waists, muslin underwear, from 30 to 40 per cent. cheaper than anywhere else buy at the Fair Bargain Store, Second and Indianapolis Ave. fawal3d

THE AIRDOME TONIGHT

2 Illustrated Songs, 2 Good Specialties, 2 New Reels LIFE SIZE Moving Pictures and the Laughable Comedy
"Wanted! A Wife"
2 Hour Show 10c.
COOL AND COMFORTABLE

WORK.

Like coral insects, multitudinous,
The minutes are whereof our life is made;
They build it up, as in the deep blue shade
It grows, it comes to light; and then, and thus,
For both there is an end. The populous
Sea blossoms close, our minutes that have paid
Life's debt of work are spent, the work is laid
Before our feet that shall come after us.
We may not stay to watch if it will speed;
The bard, if still on some lute's string his song
Live sweetly yet; the hero, if his star
Doth shine. Work is its own best earthly meed,
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng
Who wrought those marvelous isles that bloom afar.

—Jean Ingelow.

The Ghost of No. 1 Jetty.

About May, 1897, I was second officer of the SS. Dictator, of the Harri-son line, trading between Calcutta and Liverpool. We were in Calcutta at the time the story commences, lying at No. 1 Jetty and taking in our usual cargo of country produce.

The wharf we were moored at had the reputation, amongst the natives, of being haunted by ghosts. From what I could gather from numerous inquiries, these apparitions were supposed to be the restless souls of poor fellows who had committed suicide at one time or other, and they chose our Jetty as a playground and rendezvous for their ghostly meetings.

I don't remember ever meeting any white man who had seen anything uncanny on the Jetty, though the majority of our crew, when they came down at night time, had every opportunity to see ghosts if there were any to be seen. It was not so with the natives, however. Nearly every man among them that one spoke to had seen a ghost on our pier at some time or other. The result of this was that the natives very seldom troubled the Jetty at night time, unless we were working cargo. Then, of course, the whole shed was lighted up, and there being plenty of them about they did not fear the spirits.

The night I saw the ghost we were not working cargo, and the Jetty and sheds were almost in total darkness. The native watchman, with his cloth drawn over his head to shut out the dismal surroundings, squatted on his haunches in the gloom beside the shed.

I was on the saloon deck of the Dictator, where I had come to have an after dinner smoke. I was lying back in a deck chair, enjoying my cigar, when the chief officer, Mr. Davies, joined me, and we commenced talking about the events of the day.

The night was very still and quiet, for there was hardly a breath of wind about. The atmosphere was heavy and hot, and made both of us feel rather drowsy. I think we must have dozed off in our chairs, for I suddenly awakened with a piercing yell ringing in my ears.

Jumping to my feet I looked over the side on to the Jetty, fully expecting to see the watchman writhing in a pool of blood and his murderer—some prowling thief, darting away with a reeking knife in his hand. Instead, I saw the guardian standing like a marble statue staring along the Jetty, with his eyes almost bulging out of his head. He seemed petrified—rooted to the spot where he stood—and I came to the conclusion that a cobra or some other snake had coiled itself round his body, and he was so stricken with fear that he was unable to move. I had heard of such cases before.

I was just about to make a move to go to his assistance when the chief officer, who was now standing alongside me, caught hold of my arm, his fingers digging into my flesh. Pointing along the Jetty he gasped out, "Look there!"

Turning my eyes in the direction indicated, I beheld, to my amazement, a white figure gliding steadily along the Jetty in the direction of the petrified watchman. What appeared to me to be the arms were outstretched, as if seeking to embrace someone. I could distinguish nothing else, the night was too dark.

"Someone is playing a joke on the watchman," I told myself, hastily, but, all the same, both the chief officer and myself remained motionless, watching the thing in a state of spellbound interest. As I gazed, I became conscious of a strange, eerie feeling, and, spite of my skepticism, I asked myself whether that weird shape was merely the outcome of a practical joke or some uncanny visitant from another world.

For a few yards the apparition glided along, slowly and silently; then it suddenly rose in the air, there was a quick movement, and it vanished altogether.

With a low cry of amazement, I dropped back into my chair, a cold perspiration breaking out all over me. The watchman, who seemed to come out of his trance at that moment, gave a howl of mortal fear and, turning on his heels, raced off the Jetty on to the road as though ten million demons were after him. The chief, mopping his forehead, sat down on his deck chair and gave a great sigh of relief. "Well, what do you make of that?" he said, rather shakily. "I'll own I don't believe in ghosts, but that's the nearest approach to one I've ever seen."

"Oh, I can't believe it was a ghost,"

I replied. "It must be somebody playing a joke on the watchman."

"It seems to have given you a bit of a shake up, anyhow," he said, sarcastically.

"I'll own up to that," I said, "but don't let us sit here arguing; let us get on the Jetty and see if we can discover anything. We might find out something that will lead to the exposure of the ghost. Perhaps it was some thief trying to frighten the watchman off the Jetty so that he could steal."

"Oh, yes," said the chief, with a sneer. "I can quite imagine a thief flying up in the air and vanishing. Anyhow, I will go with you and see if we can find anything, although I know it will be useless."

Accordingly we made our way to the gangway and proceeded on to the Jetty, where we found a white sergeant of police, two native policemen, and the watchman.

It seemed that the frightened guardian had run into the arms of the white policeman as he dashed off the Jetty, and the policeman, thinking he was a thief trying to escape from someone who was chasing him, immediately tripped him up. Then he whistled, which brought up two native policemen. They were dragging the poor, terrified watchman back to the Jetty again when we arrived, while he called on Allah to save him and struggled hard to get away.

The policemen let the man go when we told them what had occurred, and the poor fellow, when he found that



SAVE A HOWL OF MORTAL FEAR.

he was free again, disappeared off the Jetty like a flash.

The white policeman told his two men to thoroughly search the wharf and then turned to us.

"Do you actually mean to tell me that you saw a ghost?" he said, placing his foot on a small log of teakwood that lay on the Jetty and leaning forward on his knee.

"Of course we did," I replied. "We saw it as plain as I see you now."

The sergeant grinned knowingly at us with a twinkle in his eye. "Oh, yes," he said, offensively; "a fellow sees a lot of things like that after he has had a good dinner. I've done it myself."

I felt highly insulted at the insinuation. He did not exactly say we were drunk and incapable, but he gave us to understand pretty plainly that he thought we had been taking more liquor than was good for us. Now, I was a teetotaler, and the chief, I knew, had not taken a drink of any description that evening. I was just going to let the policeman have a piece of my mind, when the unexpected happened.

The log of wood that he had his foot on—a baulk about six feet long by nearly a foot square—commenced to move along the Jetty. The sergeant's foot slipped off it, and, losing his balance, he fell into my arms. He quickly regained his equilibrium, however, and we all three stared stupidly at the log, which was now moving quickly along the Jetty, with not a soul near it and apparently nothing helping it. The policeman rubbed his eyes, and then, with an angry shout, ran after the log. Catching hold of it, he tried to stop its progress. He even sat on it, but it promptly threw him off and dropped him to the Jetty. The two native policemen, who happened to be spectators, also jumped on to the log, but it turned sharply round a post by the stern of the ship, and, throwing them off, dropped into the river with a loud splash.

The sergeant jumped to his feet with an exclamation and, running to the edge of the Jetty, peered up and down the stream to see if there were any boats in the vicinity. There happened to be one coming up the river at the time, the Customs patrol-boat. The men on board had heard the

splash and, thinking some one had fallen into the river, immediately pulled close to the Jetty to render assistance, but they could not see anything or anybody.

"Did you see anything floating past you as you came up the river?" asked the sergeant, with a curious tremor in his voice.

"No," answered the patrol man, "and we kept a good lookout, too, for we thought some one had fallen into the river."

"Did you see any boats or anything?" asked the policeman again, rather anxiously.

"Didn't see a thing; only heard the splash. Why, is there anything wrong?"

"No, nothing in particular; only a log of wood fell into the river, and we thought perhaps it was something more serious."

"A log of wood, eh? How is it I didn't see it pass me?" demanded the patrolman, suspiciously. "I think I had better come up there and have a look round."

"There is no need for you to come up," snapped the sergeant. "I am a police officer, and can look after anything that wants attending to here. But if you want to know what's the matter, I'll tell you; it's the rummest thing I've struck for a long time." And he told the revenue man everything, our part of the story as well.

The patrolman listened quietly until he had finished; then he burst out laughing.

"Good night!" he shouted, after telling his men to pull away. "I'd advise you to go and have a snooze. A good sleep does a fellow a wonderful lot of good after a night out." And, still laughing, he disappeared up the river.

I thought I was a good hand at ornamental language, but that police-sergeant beat me hollow in his annoyance at being told that he was drunk. I was rather pleased, personally, for it was only a few minutes before that he had hinted at the same thing concerning myself.

"Perhaps you will believe that we saw a ghost now, after what you have seen yourself," I said, presently, breaking in on his vitriolic remarks.

He looked at me stupidly for a couple of seconds before replying.

"It does seem a little queer, doesn't it?" he said, rather sheepishly.

"A little queer, did you say?" said the chief officer, chiming in. "I should say it was very queer, and a jolly sight too uncanny for my liking. I have seen the native conjurers growing orange trees while you wait and making a boy climb up an endless ladder into the sky and then fall down in pieces; but bringing ghosts on a quiet Jetty like this to do skit dances and making logs of teakwood do a waltz is more than I can stand. And I am off out of this before something happens to me."

With that the chief turned on his heel and went on board, leaving me with the sergeant.

"Look here, old man," he said, earnestly, as the mate disappeared, "the best thing we can do is to say nothing about all this. I don't want to be told I was drunk any more than you do, and that is what we shall be told if we let this story get about. I shall be on night duty all this week, and I'll prow around here every evening and see if I can make anything out of it; perhaps I may be able to find out the cause of this ghostly visit. If I do, it will be all right. If I don't—well, it will be just as well to keep quiet about it. My two native policemen will be as mute as the grave if I tell them not to open their mouths, and that ass of a patrolman will soon forget what I told him."

I promised I would say nothing, and, bidding each other good night, we parted.

The Dictator lay in Calcutta a week after the ghost incident, but never a clue did the policeman discover as to our ghostly visitor nor did we see anything more of the apparition. We finally left the port without becoming any the wiser as to what it was that had disturbed our peace of mind that eventful night.

And now comes the remarkable sequel to the story.

About two days after leaving Calcutta I was putting a pipe-screw up in my room, and as I had no screwdriver I walked along to the carpenter's shop to get one. Arriving there, I saw the carpenter busy cleaning a small log of teakwood that was covered with coal dust and looked as if it had been stowed away in the bunkers. I borrowed the screwdriver and was just going to leave the shop when I noticed that the log had a staple driven into one end with a piece of wire attached to it. I took another good look at the log, and somehow or other it seemed familiar to me. It looked very much like the one that had done the disappearing trick on the Jetty in Calcutta.

It was the wire that made me take a second look at the log, for it was a specially made wire used with a patent machine for sounding the bottom of the sea when a ship is nearing land in foggy weather. It is very expensive stuff, and only found on board ships.

"Where did you get this teakwood from, 'Chips'?" I asked, in an off-hand manner.

"Bought it in Calcutta, sir; I got it to make a dressing table for my old woman."

"Did you buy this piece of wire with it?" I asked, taking up the piece that was attached to the log.

He looked at me shrewdly and then began to laugh.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he replied, "I took that log off the Jetty in Calcutta. I had no money to buy any

wood, for I had spent all I could afford, and I had to get it somewhere. So, seeing this nice little log lying on the Jetty all by itself, with nobody caring whether it stopped there or not, I thought I would mind it in case it got lost."

"How did you manage to get it on board without being seen?" I asked. "Surely somebody must have noticed you bringing it on board?"

"Not a soul, sir; it was done as neat as taking a plum out of a pie. You see, I had my eye on that log for a couple of days, but I couldn't find a way of getting it on board until I mentioned it to the bos'n. He found a way in a brace of shakes, and we got it without a soul seeing us."

"We did it like this," he continued, leaning against his tool rack and placing the forefinger of his right hand in the palm of his left. "Just before knock-off time on the day we took it I strolled ashore with a staple in one pocket and a hammer in the other. Everyone was busy, getting ready to knock off work and go home, so they took no notice of me. I just went straight to that log and whacked the staple into the end of it before you could cough. Then we waited until it was dark. When night came I strolled on to the Jetty again, quite unconcerned, with a pipe in my mouth—just as if I was taking a constitutional. I walked along by the stern of the ship and found the end of a piece of sounding-machine wire, and, picking it up, I examined it closely. Then I sat down on this log of wood to have a good look at it. After I had finished my inspection—taking good care that the watchman wasn't looking at me—I tied the wire to the staple, and then got up and walked on board again. You see, the other end of that piece of wire was on board; it was led round the stern of the ship and in through the midship hawse-pipe on the off side. We made the end fast on to one of the empty wire reels and shipped the handles ready for bearing it on board. I went and looked over on to the wharf to see that there was nobody about before we commenced to heave away."

"But luck wasn't our way, just then, for the blessed watchman was sitting there. We waited for nearly an hour, but he gave no sign of going to the other end of the wharf, so there was only one thing to do, and that was to frighten him away. And this is how we did it, after the bos'n and I had a little consultation."

"I was repairing a fishing rod for the chief mate, so I got it and lashed it on to a twelve-foot bamboo pole. Then we rigged up a ghost out of an old white shirt and a sheet. Hooking our scarecrow on to the line, we gently lowered the ghost on to the Jetty, and by just keeping the thing clear of the ground we made it appear to glide along towards the watchman."

"Well, whether you believe me or not, sir, it was the greatest fun in the world to see that watchman when he spied our 'spirit.' I laughed so much that when I was raising our little ghost up in the air I fell on my back, and the bamboo pole, fishing rod, shirt and all went flying on to the off side of the ship, and the 'ghost' fell in the water."

"Of course there is no need for me to tell you that the watchman got out of that as quick as his legs could carry him. As soon as we had got our ghostly apparatus put away we went and hove that little log on board and dropped it down the coal bunker, in case anybody wanted to be inquisitive and look for it on board the ship. And that's how I got my little log of teakwood."

"But didn't you see the chief and me and the policeman on the Jetty after the watchman bolted?" I demanded.

"Chips" looked serious. "Never saw a soul, sir," he replied. "We didn't look. Directly the native cleared we manned the wire reel and hove our log in, carted it off and hid it down below. Were there any policemen there?"

"I should advise you to leave things that belong to the Jetty alone," I said. "You were within an ace of getting caught." Then I told him my part of the story, and he nearly had a fit.

Finally, yielding to his entreaties, I promised I would not say anything to the chief officer about the affair, but in return I exacted a pledge that in future he would leave other people's property alone.—Wide World Magazine.

Hockensplutter Took the Hint.

The caller, a man whom he had known in the old town back in Pennsylvania, had dropped in to talk old times with the busy lawyer, and the lawyer had endured it patiently for an hour and a half. Then, unseen by the caller, he pushed a small knob at the end of his desk and a bell rang in the adjoining room.

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Hockensplutter," he said, stepping into the other room and proceeding to hold this one-sided conversation over an imaginary telephone.

"Hello."

"Yes."

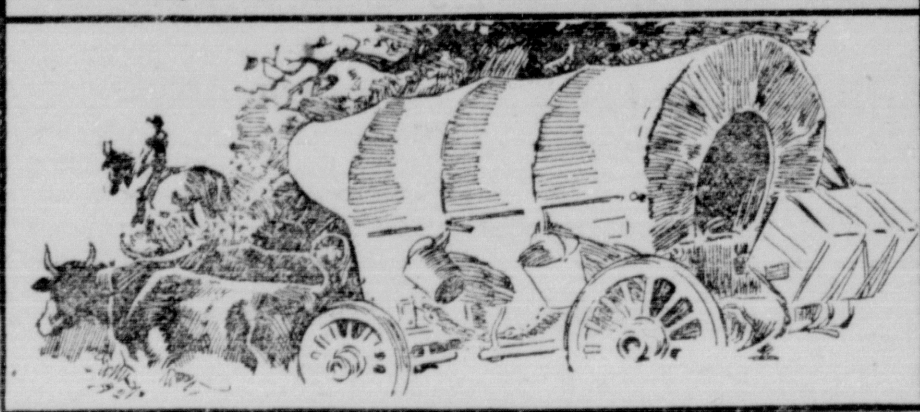
"No, Bertha; I'll not have time to come home for dinner. It's already 4:30, and I have several hours' work yet to do. I am very busy, and have been detained."

"Yes; good-by."

Then he went back to his desk—but Mr. Hockensplutter had already risen to go.—Chicago Tribune.

Behold the worthless man; what fine health he has!

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION



One of the wall spaces of the National Capitol there is a large painting by Emanuel Leutze which depicts in such spirited fashion a phase of Western settlement that it hardly needs the explanation given on its upper margin in Bishop Berkeley's line:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

The official guide who conducts sight-seers through the building invariably explains that the oftener the picture is examined the more there is to see in it. There is undoubtedly truth in his remark, and this particular picture, "Westward Ho," for in the immigrant train which the artist has pictured as wending its weary, turbulent way through the passes of snow-tipped mountains toward a fair country to which the leader points encouragingly, is epitomized the spirit which in all ages has urged man to shake off the rule of the fixed, the known, the tried, and to seek his destiny in the undiscovered and the new.

From Asia to Southern Europe, from Europe across troubled waters to the Atlantic coast of a new continent, from thence in successive waves across that continent to the Pacific, many have passed under the spell of the mysterious, the lure of the hidden.

With them, as this picture shows, they have taken along their women, sober, sad-faced, doubting, but following the men, whose children they bear in their arms. To all of them the spirit which drives them forth has given some concrete object on which to fix their immediate hopes, the desire for gold, for land, for bread, for religious freedom, for glory, for adventure.

In his latest book, "The Romance of American Expansion," H. Addington Bruce tells how the expression of this instinct has led to the territorial growth of the United States. For each stage of growth in this country he has selected some dominant central figure who has played a determining role in the movement from sea to sea.

Daniel Boone, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Sam Houston, Thomas Hart Benton, John Charles Fremont, William Henry Seward, William McKinley—these are the eight men whom he has selected from the many who participated in the great events through which this nation has developed. Will any question the wisdom of his choice when the events are considered in relation with each?—Boone and the opening up of the West by means of the Wilderness road, leading men from the coast across the Alleghenies; Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchase, by which men were given land on which to settle; Jackson, devoid of constitutional scruples, wresting from Spain the Florida coast, which the nation needed; Sam Houston, lifting himself above the ignominy of the epithet, "Drunk Sam," to the presidency of a Texan republic, which when it became a part of the United States made him Senator and Governor and placed his statue in statutory hall of the National Capitol as one of two men whom it is permitted to honor in such wise; William Henry Seward, forcing a people to accept reluctantly his folly, Alaska; McKinley, President when the nation reached across the sea and possessed itself of new islands.

In his preface the author, writing of the true nature of the American advance, says: "It was no fortuitous development. Its roots struck back to the early colonization of America, and it was the logical result of the genesis, on a largely unoccupied continent, of an exceptional, virile, progressive and ambitious nation. The instincts and needs of that nation irresistibly impelled it to territorial enlargement. It did not always expand without conflict with other nations, yet its record, however sharply criticised, is singularly free from blemish. Even the so-called spoliation of Mexico proves, on close examination, by no means so blameworthy as has generally been believed. From beginning to end there is little to regret and much to admire in the story of American expansion."

"The first migratory movement across the Alleghenies," the book states, following necessarily from economic stress and the genesis of a bold, enterprising and restless people, was certain soon or late to give rise to a struggle for mastery of the Mississippi, the great mid-continent waterway. In good season a peaceful solution for the problem thus created was found in the Louisiana Purchase, transferring from the French to the American nation not only the Mississippi, but also the enormous area to the westward watered by the Mississippi and its affluent. Then, and equally of necessity, was presented the question of acquiring the one-piece territory to the east of the Mississippi still held by alien hands, and constituting a serious menace to the welfare of the United States. This again was happily settled by the Florida purchase, though only after the use of intimidatory methods. Texas came next, an acquisition not in itself necessarily inevitable, but rendered so by the stupendous folly of the Mexican authorities in permitting the colonization of that outlying and practically unoccupied province by the representatives of an adjacent nation stronger than theirs and differing from theirs in race, institutions and points of view.

Meanwhile, and likewise under the secondary stimulus of sectional interests, agitation had begun looking to anticipation of the inevitable by carrying the westward movement still further forward—across the Rocky mountains and down to the shores of the Pacific. As yet the nation had not fully entered into its own, and vast expanses of internal territory were still to be occupied.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

"Less Than Kin," a novel by Alice Duer Miller, has for its central motive a decidedly amusing situation. The hero, just returned from South America, is welcomed as a prodigal son by a New York family of entire strangers.

Alfred Noyes is looked upon as one of the coming English poets. His "Drake," a work in twelve books, which he calls "An English Epic," will be published next fall. Sometime ago Swinburne wrote to Mr. Noyes, congratulating his "noble, patriotic, historical poem. I congratulate you on the completion of so high and so grand a task." Rudyard Kipling said: "The tale itself held me yesterday evening from one end to the other."

Clement Shorter is responsible for the following story of Trollope: "Sitting in an obscure corner of his club one evening, he heard two men talking about his books, and one of them was actually yawning over Mrs. Proudie and expressed the brutal wish that the author 'would kill that woman off.' Trollope went home dejected and made Mrs. Proudie die. We, who never knew him," continues Mr. Shorter, "but love so much in his writings with a peculiar affection, think that we could not have too much of Mrs. Proudie, and wish that Anthony Trollope had kept her alive so well."

through many a volume." "Barchester Towers," and "Dr. Thorne" are the favorites among publishers for new editions of Trollope's works. Some of the other novels are out of print and out of copyright, and first editions are rare and expensive. Still another new edition of "Barchester Towers" and "Dr. Thorne" has been brought out in library size in England.

"From the point of view of pure literature," the best letters in the Carlyle correspondence, says the Spectator, are those written by Miss Welsh. The epistolary form requires aptitude of a very peculiar nature for its successful development, and these aptitudes Carlyle was altogether without. "The qualities which go to the making of an ideal letter," according to the writer, are "lightness of touch, ease of expression, brilliance which is never forced and amiability which is never exaggerated and never forgotten." The fine letter written by Miss Welsh to her aunt just before her marriage contains the following passage: "He possesses all the qualities I deem essential to a husband, a warm true heart to love me, a towering intellect to command me, and a spirit of fire to be the guiding star of my life."

Remedied.

The Maid—Were you ever disappointed in love?
The Man—Only once.
The Maid—And what did you do about it?
The Man—Oh, I got a divorce.

People would be less suspicious of others if they didn't know themselves so well.

Old Favorites

Beau.

That reminds me, dear sir, of a little occurrence which happened when I was a lad. Ah, let me replenish your glass, sir. And, if you'll permit me, I shall be very glad to recount it to you, for I venture to flatter myself that it is other than bad.

You observe at the side table there, that majestic old dandy? Well, that's Beau. The hero who made himself famous upon that occasion. A long time ago; Way back in Virginia—let's see, if my memory serves me. In the year twenty-fo'.

Twas in Albemarle County, Virginia, my father resided. Till the day that he died, Well off in fine horses, and niggers, and arable acres, And family pride; Thomas Jefferson's friend; as a horse-man, a swordsman, a Christian Was he known far and wide.

This digression pray pardon. 'Twas there that he raised us together— Old Beau there and me. Though Beau was a nigger, and I was the son of his owner, Not a little cared we; We were simply two boys—we were friends—we were constant companions, In work or on spree.

Well, a cousin of mine, James Tottett, from Washington city, Came over one year To pay me a visit—a priggish young blue-blood and churlish, With an arrogant sneer For our "primitive" customs, and boasting his wondrous achievements In tobacco and beer.

From the first Beau conceived a dislike to James, "the town-tackey." Which he sought not to hide; While James was accustomed to make him the butt of his banter, And frequently tried To goad him by taunts to a quarrel, to which the young dandy Very seldom replied.

One Sabbath we went, with a lot of the neighboring youngsters— Inclusive of Beau, And of James—to the river near by, our ultimate purpose A-swimming to go. Walking thither James ridiculed Beau more severely than usual (if he could have done so).

Now Beau was a wondrous musician on whistles and fiddles, Which he made with his knife, And the Christmas preceding my father had brought him from Richmond A marvelous fife, To perform upon which, to his friends, and his own delectation Was the pride of his life.

And upon this occasion his fife, from his pocket projecting, In view of us all, Was snatched at by James. Then they clinched. In the tussle ensuing Beau was rather too small; James gave him a drubbing, and then put the fife in his pocket, Thus concluding the brawl.

We continued our journey until we arrived at the river, Our prime destination; Our ablutions performed, our habiliments donned, 'twas suggested That, for more recreation We proceed up the stream to the "Door of the Devil," which motion Received approbation.

This Door of the Devil was then a notorious feature In the river hard by, Where the water dashed swirling beneath the steep bank excavated, With a sough and a sigh; And never again had aught swallowed down by its current Been perceived by man's eye.

Arrived, we were gazing with wonder at the white waters, And with some superstition, When, attempting to cast an unwieldy projectile into them, James lost his position— Falling in—a trice sucked from sight—while we stood stark as statues In our helpless condition.

Great God! Not an atom of hope! Yet some one cried "Murder!" In response to which call Came a number of parties—among them were Beau and my father (Beau after the brawl) (Having sulked in the rear)—and despair and a sickening horror Filled the faces of all.

No hope; for the Door of the Devil never yields up its victims, And none is so rash As to forfeit his life in a futile endeavor to rescue, Nor—Hold!—like a flash A figure darts through us—leaps over the bank—in an instant Disappears with a splash.

It was Beau! There's a breeze of a murmur and then a dead silence. He can't reappear. This we know, even though he is one of the finest divers To be found far or near. Thus we wait a full minute—another—two heads above water! And from us a hoarse cheer.

There's a fearful suspense—a grand struggle—and Beau with his burden, At last is ashore; And the men bear him, dripping and bleeding, aloft on their shoulders, With a thunderous roar.

And my father for once is profane, as he swears, "By Jehovah! He is free, evermore."

When James had recovered, he walked up to Beau, and he thanked him, And assured him James Tottett Was his friend from that forth and he offered his hand, but Beau scorned it And muttered, "Dod rot it! Do you think it war you I war after?" (his hand on his pocket)— "Twar my fife and I got it!" —T. H. Robertson.

"CANNED HOSPITALITY."

Is This Age Witnessing Death Throes of the Genuine Thing?

"Our age!" the hostess repeated, pushing aside the tea-tray with the manner of one clearing the decks for action. "Don't talk of our age. I hate the age. I sympathize with the old French noblewoman who cried in her last illness, 'Pray do not defend me from dying, my dear! I do not like your epoch.'"

"But," one of the guests protested, "it is a great age—an age of magnificent achievements and discoveries. It's the biggest world this old sphere has ever known. What's the matter with the age?"

"Big discoveries and little living—that's what's the matter," the hostess replied. "There are great discoveries, of course—there always are—but for most of us it's an age of canned things—canned foods, canned literature, canned knowledge—all put up in little packages to save you the trouble of working things out for yourself. Worst of all, it's growing to be an age of canned hospitality."

"Canned hospitality!" The echo was simultaneous and unanimous.

The hostess nodded her pretty head. "Yes, canned hospitality. I don't mean that you are served with canned soups and fruits and lobster, although you probably are. I mean that hospitality, in the old, big, generous meaning of the word, is found only in the dictionary, and it will soon be marked obsolete there. Partly it is the effect of flats. It is too much to expect you to be largely hospitable when you have to sleep in the dining-room during your guest's sojourn. But it is worse than that. I know people who have moved into flats to avoid having guests. That's my contention. The genuine thing is fast passing out of our lives. Our hospitality is becoming a thing of luncheons and teas and days—no more. When I look back to my childhood and its open house, I am just—homesick!"

The contention is not without reason. Many of us, looking back to less hurried, more gracious days, days when even in the cities neighborliness and hospitality, virtues of wider spaces, still flourished, cannot escape a touch of homesickness. But, after all, although the forms of them change with the changing pressure of new times and ways, is the heart of the old virtue lost to dwellers in the crowded streets? One day a house where newcomers had just moved in showed a fluttering bit of crape. From all round the square, at once, came offers of aid and messages of sympathy.

A middle-aged school teacher was left alone in the world. A few years ago boarding would have been the only possibility for her; to-day a tiny flat solves her problem, and there is seldom a day when some guest—often a tired or lonely or troubled one—is not seated at her table.

The Order of the Hospitable Hearts! No circumstance can constrain them, no obstacle daunt their courage. Scattered over the new countries or crowded into city streets, always they offer to those who seek their door that which never has been and never can be manufactured—the joyous service of a loving heart eager to give its best to all who come.—Youth's Companion.

Insurance Blunders.

The way in which application forms for insurance are filled up are often more amusing than enlightening in the following excellent selections:

Mother died in infancy. Father went to bed feeling well and the next morning woke up dead.

Grandfather died suddenly at the age of 103. Up to this time bid fair to reach a ripe old age.

Applicant does not know anything about material posterity except that they died at an advanced age.

Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness.

Applicant has never been fatally sick.

Father died suddenly; nothing serious.

Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when was a mere child.

Grandfather died from gunshot wound caused by an arrow shot by an Indian.

Applicant's fraternal parents died when he was a child.

Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death.—British Medical Journal.

He Approved.

Three-year-old Tim had admired the clouds for a long time, but never thought to inquire into their origin until a few evenings since. His mother explained at length how God made the rain fall on the earth and then took it back into the sky, to all of which Tom listened attentively, and then patronizingly observed: "Pretty good stunt for God, isn't it?"—Harper's Magazine.

No storekeeper becomes so well acquainted with a customer that he likes to have him go behind his counter.

A HIDEOUS DANGER.

Tragedy Attending Teaching of Chinese by Young White Women.

Declaring that the system of missions in Chinatown in having American girls teach Chinese men is directly responsible for the death of Elsie Sigel, whose body was found in the room of William Leon, Miss Helen F. Clark, director of the Helen F. Clark Mission, at 195 Worth street, New York city, one of the leading missionaries in that city, denounces the plan as a source of moral corruption both to the Chinese and to many of the young women who teach them. Miss Clark has been known in New York and other parts of the country for many years for her intimate knowledge of conditions among the Chinese.

"Imagine our Young Women's Christian Association fitted out with a corps of young and for the most part attractive girls as teachers," she said, "with a teacher to each pupil for the purpose of teaching some special subject like English. Imagine a daily and intimate association such as that system would lead to going on for month after month and even year after year, and imagine the reputation the association would have in a short time under those conditions. The case in our Chinese missions, with their large majority of women as teachers, is similar, except that it is rendered infinitely worse and more dangerous on account of the traditional ideas, a hundred generations old, held by the Chinese regarding women."

"In China any social intercourse between the sexes is a thing unheard of. Take a young Chinese and suddenly throw him into daily and intimate contact with an attractive American girl, and consider the effect, as I have done to my sorrow for many years. The Chinese reverence learn-

goods. It is all the more refreshing, then, to peruse the announcement of an innkeeper in one of the smaller States who was evidently burning with a desire to tell the exact truth about his establishment:

"Not the largest hotel in the town, not newly furnished throughout, no free bus to train, not the best grub the market affords, but simply clean beds and good food, 25 cents to sleep, 25 cents to eat. Toothpicks and ice water thrown in. Try us. Pay up. And if not satisfied keep mum!"—London Answers.

STOP THE BIRD BUTCHERY.

Reasons Are Ample for Insisting on Protection from Slaughter.

"Unless the wholesale butchery of birds in Florida is stopped there will be none left in that section of the country," said H. A. Austin of New York, a business man who spends a large part of his time in the south, according to the Washington Post.

"In the past three years the Everglades of Florida have been stripped of every vestige of bird life to supply the world's millinery markets with the plumage of the heron that formerly bred there in countless numbers. Now that the heron has practically gone from Florida the bird robbers are killing almost any other kind of tropical bird that they can find. It is a fact that Florida is almost barren of birds at this time."

"Doubtless we shall have to adopt measures in this country similar to those in England, where steps have already been taken to balk the activities of the plume hunters. The British empire was ravaged as Florida has been by the feather seekers, and a bill was put through parliament for prohibition of the importation or exportation of the plumage, skin or body of all wild birds except ostriches, elder ducks and birds used as articles

CHRISTIANIZED?



—St. Louis Star.

ing, and in point of education most of them are mere children, beside our girls. As soon as the first shock of being allowed so much as speak to a woman is over they awaken to another conception of women, and they almost fall down and worship those girls as superior beings. There follow the apparently harmless flirtation, the jilting of the man, or the possible lowering of his conception of American women by some indiscretion on the part of the girl, or, as happens in more cases than I care to think of, some terrible tragedy, of which the death of Elsie Sigel is an example.

"I believe that the death of Elsie Sigel was one of those results. The organizations that allow this thing to go on and the parents who allow their daughters to be drawn into this terrible net of temptation are the ones who are to blame for the scores of heart-breaking tragedies of which I have been the witness, and the number of which is daily growing. To me one of the most shocking of all the developments of this recent tragedy was the finding of those hundreds of compromising letters written to Leon by white girls from all over the country. If anything could show the results of this pernicious system that fact does it with terrible clearness. The time has come when something should be done."

Humor in Advertising.

It is agreed on all sides that as a rule humorous advertisements are to be avoided. Business is business, and the businesslike ad. is the one that counts. Nevertheless it is interesting to come upon an odd, amusing or out of the ordinary specimen—for instance, that of the photographer who made a specialty of baby photographs. His advertisement read: "Bring your dear little babies. If they don't sit still I won't get cross. I was a baby once myself."

What is especially rare is to find an advertiser who will exhibit any candor about the negative qualities of his

of diet. I understand that the Audubon officials in this country are taking steps to prevent the wholesale slaughter of birds and the sale of the plumage.

"It is not alone the esthetic reason that prompts one to protest against the killing of birds, but economic causes furnish an indisputable argument. These birds, aside from the delight they afford as objects of beauty, form the basis of the nation's health as well as prosperity. What the street-cleaning department is to this city the sea birds are to the whole country. As their activities as scavengers are checked by unnatural destruction, pestilence and death will surely follow. The bird stands at the foundation of all our natural resources and our very existence as well."

It Weighed.

There is a streak of impracticability in most persons. Often it leads one out of the usual path to what seem short cuts, but are in reality blind alleys. Not long ago a man and his wife, both of whom are somewhat lacking in the mechanical sense, tried to put in order a pair of scales that had been in disuse.

The man got the pieces together after considerable difficulty, and he and his wife cleared a place for the scales on the desk.

"Now," said he, "let's see if they will weigh."

His wife put a light pamphlet on one plate. It happened that the weight was so adjusted that the balance was perfect.

"Fine!" said her husband. "Yes," said she, "and see how accurate!"

"The woman who plays cards in the morning is bad enough, but the idle man who stands on the street corner and tries to talk to busy men is worse."

Aid is never satisfactory; the best way is not to need it.

BEST OF CONGRESS WALKERS.

Lawrence of Massachusetts Goes on Ten-Mile Jaunt Every Morning.

George P. Lawrence, representative from Massachusetts, is getting the reputation of being the champion long-distance walker of Washington, says the Boston Post.

Mr. Lawrence hails from North Adams and for a long time has been known as "the man with the horse laugh." He is also known as the infant prodigy of Congress.

When Congress is in session he is the busiest walker that ever blew down Pennsylvania avenue. Every morning promptly at 7 o'clock loud sounds arise from the dwelling of Mr. Lawrence. The sounds are the futile attempts of Mr. Lawrence to express the boundless joy and vitality which exist within himself by singing that beautiful ditty of his old Amherst days entitled "Show Me the Way to Go Home, Boys." His singing, by the way, is not the most beautiful which has ever been heard on Pennsylvania avenue.

Nevertheless the singing is harkened to with much interest by all those who live near by, for the unfatigable George Lawrence, rival of the time ball, is signifying the approach of his walking.

About two minutes after his singing has ceased a loud cry of "Haw! Haw! Haw!" is heard and then all the windows in the immediate vicinity are thrown up, for it is the sign that he is actually about to emerge from his lair.

At a quarter after 7, to the minute, Mr. Lawrence's beautiful black moustache emerges coyly from the door and is immediately followed by Mr. Lawrence himself.

As if pursued by all the furies he hies himself to the suburbs, his head bowed down and a ruminative frown furrowing deep creases in his alabaster brow.

Deep into the fastnesses of Rock Creek Park he plunges or out toward the quiet byways of Chevy Chase. And there he walks and walks. It makes a person tired to watch him.

Ten miles is a mere nothing to him. But it is something to the men whom he has to "go up against" during the course of the day; for his fellow representatives assert that on these walks he develops the retorts that defeat and the arguments that confound.

Right after Mr. Lawrence was graduated from Amherst he was raised to the bench—a judge at 25—and got a reputation for being a hearty laugher. In 1894 he resigned his position on the bench and at once was elected to the State Senate. During his second year there he was elected president of the Senate. It was not long before George P. Lawrence, as he came to be called, was elected to Congress.

Eastly Coaxed.

The new school teacher had a talk with Mrs. Hobart one day in regard to discipline. "I don't see how you manage Bobby as well as you do," said the teacher. "I like him, but he's such a mischievous little fellow, and he will not mind; yet every one says he minds you. I wish you'd explain it to me."

"Well," said Mrs. Hobart, doubtfully, "I'd just as soon tell you, but I'm afraid it won't help you much. You see I kind of coax him."

"Coax him!" echoed the teacher.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hobart, "that's what I do. I say to him, 'Now come, Bobby, wouldn't you rather have mother's good boy and have griddle cakes and slurp for supper, and play games till 8 o'clock, than have just plain bread and milk that's been through the separator, and go to bed right after it, with the curtains drawn so you can't see the stars?'"

"I can most always coax him that way."

"Once in a while, if he's real set to be naughty, I'll say, 'See here, Bobby, which'd you rather have mother fry you, some doughnuts, or cut a little willow switch, not so very little, either?'"

"I can coax him that way, sure, if the other fails."

A Bad Mixup.

"Say," remarked one government clerk to another, "I'm up against it good and proper."

"What's the trouble?" queried E. C. No. 2.

"I got two medical certificates from two different doctors yesterday," explained the party of the first part. "One was a certificate of health for a life insurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to be sent to my chief with a petition for two weeks' leave of absence."

"Oh, that's nothing," rejoined his fellow clerk, "I've done that myself."

"Yes," continued the other, "but I mixed the certificates in mailing. The ill health certificate went to the insurance company and the certificate of good health went to my chief. See?" —Chicago News.

O. K.

Madge—Dolly, are you sure you brought the right kind of hammock with you?

Dolly—Yes, dear; it's just big enough for one and strong enough for two.—Judge.

Prococtity.

Simkins—I say, Jack, if you'll get me a lock of your sister's hair I'll give you 10 cents.

Jack—Make it a quarter and I'll get you the whole bunch. I know where she hangs it at night.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Silk and mixed cotton and silk industries in France are said to employ altogether upward of half a million workers.

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM

It is estimated that the earthquake's speed is from 470 to 530 feet a second.

Last year's purchase of ties by the country's railroads were only two-thirds as large as those of 1907.

There are definite evidences of improvement reported from the Scotch shipbuilding yards. May's new tonnage was heaviest of the year.

In the five completed months of the year the output of the Scotch shipyards has been 154,000 tons, nearly 25,000 tons more than the corresponding period last year.

The freak photograph is the popular fad in Paris at present. Several photographers are making it a specialty and turn out the humorous, grotesque and gawky in large quantities.

The Apaches, who for many years were the scourge of Arizona and New Mexico, probably never numbered more than 10,000. The present number is about 6,000, and most of them live in the White Mountain Reservation, Arizona.

The students of the University of Chicago have decided to put the subject of whether or not the honor system shall govern all examinations to popular vote. All indications point toward the adoption of the plan by a large majority.

In fifteen years we have imported 25,000,000 bushels of potatoes, or, all told, about one-twelfth of a single year's crop in this country. The value of the imports has been \$12,000,000 for the fifteen years; the duties have been \$6,000,000.—New York Press.

One of the most important needs of China to-day is wireless telegraphy. It is considered practically impossible to establish the ordinary land lines across the great deserts between Peking and the extreme northwest, but the natural difficulties could be surmounted by the use of wireless.

In a lecture at the Royal Institution recently Professor Sir James Thompson said that matter is neither continuous nor homogeneous. He showed by an experiment that hydrogen can be passed into a vacuum bulb through an incandescent platinum window. In a similar way sodium passes through glass.

A white tigress 8 feet 8 inches in length has been shot in Dhenkanal state, Orissa. The ground color was pure white and the stripes were of a deep reddish black. The skin has been presented to the Rajah of Dhenkanal, who has had it mounted and placed in his palace. The shikaris (hunters) of this country say that it is the only white tiger they have seen.—London Evening Standard.

As Alexandre Dumas had dined with a state minister somebody asked him if he had enjoyed himself. He replied: "If it had not been for me I would have been bored." Dumas was in the habit of giving 2 francs (40 cents) to a beggar whenever he met him. Once he had only 10 centimes (2 cents), which he gave. "Oh, M. Dumas!" exclaimed the beggar, reprovingly. "Give them to a beggar," Dumas replied.

Seven miles of little known country in North Anlesley were opened up recently by the London & Northwestern Railway, the first train traveling from Holland Arms station to Red Wharf Bay. The stations on the new line are at Ceint, Rhedy-Saint, Pembraeth and Llanbedr-Goch. The country traversed is undulating, and the coast has a succession of beautiful sandy bays. The Menai straits and a background of the purple Gramplan hills are features of the scenery.

There is in use in some parts of the west coast of Africa a system of writing of native invention which is said to be successfully competing with English writing. It is called the Val language, and was invented by Doalu Bakere, assisted by five of his friends. The characters resemble Egyptian hieroglyphics, but the tongue is said to be harmonious, relatively easy to pronounce, and with a grammar that is far from difficult. It is being more and more used in West Africa, and it is said, may become the dominant form of native speech in Liberia and adjacent countries.

According to Electrical Engineering, rules have been issued to the effect that no apparatus for wireless telegraphy on board merchant ships, whether British or foreign, shall be used while in any of the harbors of Gibraltar, except with the written permission of the governor. The making or answering of signals of distress are excepted. The bill requiring all steamers to be equipped with wireless apparatus, which was introduced in the Canadian parliament, has been shelved for the present, for the reason, it is said, of seeing what steps the British government is taking in this direction.

Herbert Spencer one time put very neatly the distinction between sport as an amusement and as an occupation. Dropping in at his club, he met a young friend who invited him to play billiards. The philosopher led off and left the balls in a good position for his opponent, who dexterously ran out, not allowing his companion another shot. After depositing his cue in the rack the philosopher remarked: "Sir, a certain proficiency in such a sport as this is a sign of a good education of the eye, the nerve, the hand, but the mastery of billiards which you have exhibited could have been acquired only by an ill-spent youth."

BARGAINS!

How badly the word "Bargain" is abused by some merchants. There can only be bargains where there is absolute worth. High class reliable goods always command a price equal to their value and don't have to be sacrificed. We have no "dead ones." You get only the BEST when you come to us. PRICES ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.

THE HUB

THE SATISFACTORY STORE

Look At Your Face!

If it needs NYAL'S Peroxide Cream to remove skin blemishes of any kind, get a box today, and commence its use at once. Unexcelled for all toilet uses. Money cheerfully refunded if it does not fulfill its promises. Ask about it at our store. Price 25 cents. HOW does Root Beer, with crinkled ice suit you for a hot day drink? Acts.

COX PHARMACY
Phone 100. Use it.

HARRY M. MILLER, AGENT,

Home, Aetna, Phoenix, Hartford, Insurance Co. of North America, German American Insurance Co. Providence Washington.

Is your insurance in any of the above companies? If not, why not?

H. F. BROWN, M. D. C.

Has opened an office for the practice of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery at the farm of J. B. Love, three miles south of town, on Dudleytown road. Solicits a share of your patronage. Call Old Phone F 3 rings on Dudleytown line. New Phone 226. j26

LEWIS & SWAILS LAWYERS SEYMOUR, INDIANA

Ladies and Gentlemen

Take your old clothes to THE SEYMOUR TAILORS And have them put in first class wearing condition. NORTH CHESTNUT STREET Next door north of New Pearl Laundry

Faultless Pressing, Spotless Cleaning. Work Called For, Also Delivered. Phone 383. Weithoff-Hernan

CALL UP 37

For any work in cleaning, repairing or pressing of ladies' and gents' garments. Will call for and deliver.

SCIARRA BROS. TAILORS BY TRADE

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ELMER E. DUNLAP, ARCHITECT

824-828 State Life Bldg. INDIANAPOLIS. Branch Office: Columbus

"Will Go on Your Bond"

Will write any kind of INSURANCE Clark B. Davis LOANS NOTARY

WANT ADVERTISING

WANTED—Cook at Shepard's restaurant.

WANTED—Girl at Domestic Laundry.

FOR RENT—House on Tipton street. See J. L. Blair 301 W. 2nd St. a14d

PIANO TUNING—Satisfaction guaranteed. J. H. Edaly. j4dtf

FOR RENT—Two rooms over grocery store suitable for light housekeeping. Inquire here. a14d

FOR SALE—Six-year-old driving horse, trap and harness. Call at Republican office. a12-d&w-tf

WANTED—Cigar Salesman. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Globe Cigar Co., Cleveland, Ohio a18d

I loan money at lowest rates—no delay.

Seba A. Barnes, Seymour. j20d&wtf

Weather Indications.

Local showers tonight or Saturday.

Seymour Temperatures.

The following are the maximum and minimum temperatures as shown by the government thermometers at the Seymour volunteer weather observation station and reported by J. Robert Blair, observer. The figures are for twenty-four hours ending at noon:

	MAX	MIN
August 13, 1909.	94	69

Only two more days of reduction sale of Oxfords at Ross. a14d

Threshing was begun Monday and finished yesterday on the farm of J. W. Daugherty, near Mineral Springs. The wheat crop amounted to 1,250 bushels, yielding from 23 to 25 bushels to the acre.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell*

Moving Pictures at

IOLA LAKE

SCOTTSBURG, IND.

Sunday Evening

Boating, Bathing, Refreshments

ANNA E. CARTER

NOTARY PUBLIC

Office at the Daily REPUBLICAN office, 108 West Second Street. SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

PERSONAL.

Dr. May was here from Crothersville this morning.

Miss Bertha Meseke is visiting her sister in Terre Haute.

D. M. Thompson was here from Houston Thursday night.

John Kamman made a business trip to Cincinnati this morning.

O. D. Rogers, of Shoals, was in this city Thursday evening.

Miss Grace Love has returned from a visit at Mitchell and Bedford.

Jordan Payne, of Vallonia, was in the city a short time this morning.

William Driscoll was here from Indianapolis today visiting relatives.

Mrs. Geo. L. Atkisson and children are here from Madison visiting relatives.

Miss Kate Quick, of Columbus, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bottorff.

Mrs. Carroll Bush has returned from a week's visit with relatives near Osgood.

N. C. Bennett, trainmaster on the Pennsylvania line, was in the city this afternoon.

Miss Emma Von Fange went to Louisville this morning on a short visit with relatives.

Miss Mabel Shields left this forenoon for Bowling Green and Morgantown, Kentucky, to visit friends.

L. M. Brown, the I. C. & S. trainmaster, was here from Greenwood today on business for the road.

Mrs. Chas. T. Benton and Mrs. Gregor came up from Brownstown Thursday afternoon on the motor car.

Miss Florence Patterson is here from Columbus the guest of her sister, Mrs. Herman Chambers, of the interurban station.

J. W. Browning and family have returned to their home at Clinton, Ill. after a visit with friends in this county.

Misses Margaret and Nelle Phelan returned yesterday from Chicago accompanied by their sister, Mrs. M. A. Phelan.

Ralph Boyer, of the I. C. & S. office at Columbus, left yesterday on his vacation trip to Toronto, Quebec and Montreal.

Miss Josephine Peek returned this morning from a short trip to Kurtz and will go to her home at Hayden this afternoon.

Mrs. Harry E. Weinland and son, Master Joe, left today for their home at Brazil, after a visit with Jay C. Smith and family.

Mrs. George Smith returned to Indianapolis this morning after a short visit here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Johnson.

Misses Luella and Lillie Hartman, who have been visiting at White Creek and Seymour for several days, returned home yesterday.

Miss Anna E. Carter went to Bedford today to join a party of friends who will leave tomorrow morning on a ten days' trip to Niagara Falls.

Mrs. G. H. Anderson has returned from an extended visit in Illinois, Nebraska and Washington. She attended the Seattle exposition while away.

Miss Edith Murphy and Miss Grace Beatty, who have been the guests of Willard and Fay Everhart, returned to their home at Hayden Thursday evening.

Miss Gertrude Russell, of Crothersville, is working at the Hoosier grocery a few weeks during the absence of Miss Bessie Downing, who is visiting at Tipton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spanagel of Seymour and Mrs. Emma Miller, of Oxford, O., were guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Spanagel.—Lawrenceburg Press.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Henderson, daughter Hazel and son Emil, of Seymour spent Saturday with Mr. Henderson's sister, Mrs. T. T. Miller.—Lawrenceburg Press.

Mrs. Ed Rinne and daughter, Miriam, Mrs. Callie Page and daughter, Lila, went to Indianapolis Thursday afternoon to remain a week or two, the guests of relatives.

Mrs. Wm. Hyland has returned from Terre Haute where she went to attend a meeting of the inspectors of the ladies' auxiliary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive engineers.

Emil Dickow, brother of August Dickow, who has been a member of a military band at New Orleans for the past few years, left for Hart, Mich., Thursday evening after a short visit here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Johnson left today for Muskoka Lake, Ontario, on an outing of several days. The summer cottage of Jos. I. Irwin and family is at this same lake and Mr. Irwin has been there for some time.

C. C. Edwards, Harry A. King, D. P. Holt and C. M. Bowers, of Moores Hill, Dr. M. B. Hyde, of Indianapolis, district superintendent of the Methodist church, and J. H. Morrison, of Hartsville, were among those who attended the meeting of the board of trustees of Moores Hill College here this week when a new president for the college was elected.

FINAL CLEARANCE OF ALL SUMMER ITEMS

Wash Goods, Linens, Domestics, Shirt Waists, Wash Suits, Skirts, Hosiery, Underwear, Notions and House Furnishings.



25 pieces good fast color Lawn, sale price 2½c.

15 pieces Sheer Lawn, 12½c quality, sale price 6½c.

22 pieces fine Swiss and Lawn, 18c and 20c quality, sale price 10c.

25 pieces fine Silver Band Dress Gingham, fancy checks, stripes and plain, 12½c quality, sale price 9c.

Fine Suitings of All Pure Linen, in checks and stripes, 28 and 36 inch wide, 40c and 45c quality, sale price 27½c.

15 pieces fine Repp, Poplin and Indian Head Suiting, 20c quality, sale price 14c. 12½c quality sale price 8c.

Domestics.

Standard Prints in dark and light blue, grey, red and black, sale price 4½c.

50 pieces of New Fall Outing Cloth, sale price 10c.

25 pieces of extra heavy Outing Cloth, in dark and light shades, sale price 8½c.

15 pieces of dark and light Outing for Comfort Linings, sale price 5c.

Curtains and Rugs.

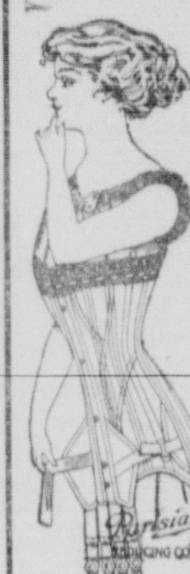
15 pair of Snow Flake Madras Curtains, fast colors and full size, \$1.25 quality, sale price 89c per pair.

Room Size Rugs at the very lowest prices. We have a complete stock of Tapestry and Body Brussels, Velvets and Axminsters, sale prices \$10.98 and up.

Lace Curtain Specials. One-third or 33½ per cent. discount on all broken lots and odd curtains.

Parisiana Reducing Corset

STYLE No. 555



THE best Corset made for stout figures; adjustable side straps, perfectly smooth buckle, no possibility of tearing the cloth. Will reduce a figure two to three inches across the abdomen. Made of a good quality Coutil, double side steels, 6 hose supporters attached. Every pair warranted to give satisfaction.

PRICE \$1.00

SEYMOUR DRY GOODS CO.

104 SOUTH CHESTNUT STREET

LOOKING FOR THE MAN "HIGHER UP"

Stock Shifting Deal Promises
a Sensation.

New York, Aug. 12.—Donald Persch, the young broker who was arrested charged with the larceny of copper stocks belonging to F. Augustus Heinze, is still a prisoner, with a second charge against him, and while there have been no additional arrests, the district attorney's office has ascertained that he was not alone in the transaction. The case was placed before the grand jury today and the evidence at hand, it is said, will reveal a systematic scheme worked not only in this city, but in Philadelphia and Boston, whereby stocks supposed to be safe in the vaults of banks have in reality been relinquished to individuals who placed them on the market at a profit. Though Mr. Heinze, according to Wall street's analysis of the affair, was at first thought to be a particular victim, it has come out through the district attorney's office that other men suffered likewise.

One man at least was thus nipped. He is J. M. Everett of Boston, whose New York brokers, Cram, Milliken & Co., have made an additional charge against young Persch. According to that firm, Persch negotiated a loan of \$7,000 on stock owned by Mr. Everett. The stock in question was 100,000 shares of the Eclipse Oil company and the name of Henry F. Riskorough of Philadelphia appeared as the man who furnished the money. Coincidentally one of Mr. Riskorough's references was Charles Katz, the Brooklyn brewer, who has been mentioned in the Heinze loan. The methods pursued in the Everett case, according to the charge, was similar to that by which the Heinze copper stocks were put on the curb—that is, the stocks were hypothecated after having been put up as security.

Carlos Warfield, vice president of one of the Heinze copper companies,

is also said to have lost considerable money through the same stock shifting. Witness after witness has been questioned at the district attorney's office and further developments are expected. The "men higher up" whom Persch intimated were associated with him have not been pinned down definitely as yet, for Persch, acting on the advice of counsel, has kept his mouth shut. One indictment at least

will be returned by the grand jury, according to Assistant District Attorney Nott. He intimates that there is a presiding genius behind the whole affair, but he would not say who the man was.

Ethel—Did a man ever kiss you against your will? Maud—No, but I've made more than one man think he did. —Boston Transcript.

Can You Use a Two Piece Suit?

If so buy now. We have some 25 Men's Two Piece Suits of the best make and material, former prices \$10.00 to \$12.00 your pick and choice for \$5.99

THOMAS

CLOTHING CO.

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN

SMITH & KEMY, Publishers.

SEYMOUR, - - - INDIANA.

Having won the derby, there isn't much more for King Edward to live for.

Two or three of the Vanderbilt boys continue to live with their wives in apparent happiness.

London complains of a shortage of doctors. The diploma mills must be more exacting over there.

Among the other terrible disasters that never happened was the Patten rise in the price of bread.

An English peeress has written a cookery book. Perhaps the reaction from the suffragette craze is coming.

Probably it hasn't occurred to the Young Turks to introduce the electric chair as a quick method of reform.

Seattle's big show is drawing large crowds and giving them their money's worth. Which is another innovation.

After he has spent about two weeks looking for a job, Harold ceases to wonder why they called it "commencement."

It is not surprising that Roosevelt and Kermit endure the climate of Africa so well; they lived a long time in Washington.

H. H. Rogers proved conclusively that it is possible to accumulate a fortune of \$75,000,000 without making a vociferous noise.

The Turkish government announces that only 4,000 Christians were massacred at Adana. And all that warship coal burned for nothing!

An Indiana poet sings: "I want to go back to yesterday." His wife must have been waiting at the front door for him when he got home.

A Canadian writer says Emperor William has signally failed to take advantage of his opportunities. English writers generally are afraid he will not keep on doing so.

There is some comfort in the thought that the people of Mars are superior to our own race. We won't have to take up a collection to send missionaries up there.

So long as King Edward and Kaiser Wilhelm are on kissing terms we shall refuse to believe in the probability of any serious trouble between Great Britain and Germany.

Mark Twain explains that oversight caused him to use without credit, in his latest work, a book chapter which was written by another man. As a leader in the fight for international copyright provisions Mark ought to be more careful.

If the truth were known it would probably be found that the charge of decadence brought against France is inspired by the circumstance that the French people are no longer avid of military glory, that they have ceased to be the firebrand of Europe and have become devotees of peace. They can afford to plead guilty to that indictment. It redounds to their praise.

Should enough anarchists be put on a desert island, and have enough to eat, the philosophers say, they would soon have either a king or a president—at any rate, a government. A class of small boys in a city slum affords an illustration of the principle. They were told to draw up some rules, and the code they evolved—and kept—was as admirable as that of the authorities. It began with "Don't sass the teacher," and concluded, "Don't break the rules."

Speed traps and unrelenting rural constables are all well enough in their way, but a device has been perfected which promises to be more effective as a solution to the speed-mania problem. It is a kind of siren horn, which begins to scream automatically the instant the machine exceeds the prescribed speed limit. Such a horn is already in use, by police regulations, on every public motorbus and taxicab in London, and private owners are in trepidation lest the authorities insist that all automobiles be similarly equipped.

The terror of leprosy seems to be lessening with the years. Ten persons who had been residents of the leper colony on Molokai were recently taken to Honolulu and re-examined, at the suggestion of a legislative committee. Of those examined, only one was found still to have traces of the disease. The others were discharged as cured, although some had suffered more than twenty years. There have been cures at the leper hospital and colony in Louisiana and patients discharged. Physicians also are now generally agreed that leprosy is much less contagious than was formerly supposed, and some go so far as to say that in temperate climates like that of the northern part of the United States it is hardly contagious at all.

After years of patient work, supplemented at the last by a tone of firmness which was unmistakable, the United States government has finally secured the signature of Nicaragua to

a protocol in which it is agreed that the Emery claim shall be submitted to arbitration. The claim arose from the cancellation by Nicaragua of a concession for the cutting and exporting of mahogany. It is maintained by President Zelaya that his government canceled the concession because the terms upon which it was granted were violated. The Emery Company, on the other hand, declares that it was purely an arbitrary act of confiscation or blackmail. The protocol contains the interesting proviso that the representatives of Nicaragua may have four months in which to reach an agreement direct with the company, subject to the approval of the United States. Failing such agreement, arbitration will begin between the two governments at the end of that time.

Five young persons were drowned in a New Jersey river the other day because they did not know enough to keep their seats in the boat when big waves began to rock it. Of course when they got on their feet the rocking became dangerous, and the boat soon capsized and threw everyone in to the water. Several persons were drowned in Pennsylvania a few days earlier because of a similar failure to use common sense. The moment the boat began to respond to the movement of the water two or three of the passengers stood up and screamed and lost their balance, and threw everybody else into the river. The street railroad companies paint a warning on the seats of the open trolley cars against trying to get off the car before it stops. The owner of every small boat might well paint in full view in his boat a command not to stand up except under orders of the person in charge. Thousands of accidents would be prevented if such an order were obeyed.

It is hardly surprising that small boys have at last taken to Black Hand operations. Boys of 15 to 18 have sometimes been successful as hold-up men, and the Black Hand variety of blackmail is nothing but a long-range, crafty and cowardly form of the hold-up. It is a method of obtaining money through the one motive of fear of personal injury, but gives the criminal a better opportunity to escape if the intended victim shows fight. Above all, it looks easy to the novice. In the latest Chicago case one boy of 15 was crafty enough to use another of 14 as

a tool, letting the latter incur all the physical danger and probably planning himself to escape with all of the spoil. The police measures were cleverly taken and would probably have deceived even an adult Black Hand man. The death of one of the boy criminals and the immediate capture of the other will serve sufficiently to deter other youths from imitating them. It is probable, however, that older criminals of this type will not take the warning to themselves, but rather will conceitedly think they would have scented the danger in this case and avoided it. Blackmaling operations directed against other than Italian citizens will be very speedily suppressed if all threatened men will take steps similar to those taken by the intended victim in this case. To notify the police at once, to give the police every opportunity to trap the criminals, to assume whatever slight personal risk there is in such a course, is by all means the safest way. Crimes like this breed themselves rapidly when they are successful, and no one can afford to give in to the blackmailers. Italian citizens have a harder problem to face. They know too often that if they notify the police they will have to fear not merely some slight temporary danger but a vengeance that will wait long till it can be taken safely. Nevertheless, even for the Italians the only permanent safety is in resistance. The resistance must be the outgrowth of efforts at mutual aid and support on the part of all the Italian elements who are apt to become the victims of such criminals. Each successive criminal caught or brought otherwise to grief will mean a forward step toward the termination of the nuisance, and in no other way can progress be made.

Vacation Hopes.

The toil of the year is past; the grind of the sordid shop;
Now Mame and Mag once more their weary routine stop.
With a trunk or two and a bag or more
And some waists—six off, from the Boss's store—
Two natty gowns and two peachy hats,
Two fresh Marcells and two freshened rats,
Two pairs of tans and some lace stripe hose,
Two buttoned skirts—at least two long rows—
And two parasols, either green or red,
Some safety pins and a spool of thread,
A drinking cup and two tennis caps,
And two great, wide hopes for two handsome chaps,
Some moonlight nights and some bosky dells—
Mayhap two rings and some wedding bells!
The toil of the year is past. In a fortnight's space, perhaps,
'Twill end for aye. Who knows? Here's luck to the handsome chaps!
—New York Times.

But It's Always Thus.

I know a young maiden with beautiful hair,
No rational person could doubt it;
Yet sometimes I fear that my damsel fair
Is a little too puffed up about it.
—Yale Record.

There is a lot of money one never hears of until it is stolen.



A Window Refrigerator.

Dwellers in apartment and lodging houses will find the window refrigerator designed by a New York man one of the most useful articles they can invest in. Fruit vegetables and other articles of food may be kept in it safe from the depredations of flies and other insects and in a place where they will remain fresh much longer than indoors. The refrigerator consists of an oblong box as long as the width of a window, with supports at each end and rods running up to the side of the window to further strengthen its position. The box is made of wire gauze with a solid lid, thus permitting a free current of air through it, yet protecting the contents from flying and creeping marauders. Where space is at a premium the advantages of this device are readily apparent. Aside from this the window box will be found to be a great saver of ice, as the necessity for that commodity will be materially reduced.

Novel Medicine Chest.

One of the most ingenious of inventions is the medicine chest designed by an Arkansas man. With this chest there is no excuse for a person not taking his medicine on time or for getting the medicines mixed. The cabinet consists of a stand with two little drawers at the top. In front of the desk portion is a little door, just about wide enough to admit a bottle, and inside is a series of revolving trays. One of these trays is provided with numbers indicating minutes, another with numbers indicating the hours of the day and a

QUEER STORIES

The total number of students in the French universities on January 15 was 41,897, of whom 38,288 were men and 3,609 were women.

It has been demonstrated by numerous experiments in Europe as well as in America that the pulp possessing the best fiber for paper, and the most practicable to make, is that derived from the wood of the spruce and fir.

Tommaso Salvini has written his autobiography, which is shortly to appear in a book entitled "Infancy and Youth of Illustrious Contemporary Italians." Salvini says that he could act a part well even when he was a boy.

Since 1903 there have been no imports of live cattle to England from Argentina, on account of the foot-and-mouth disease, but the imports of frozen beef from that country amounted last year to 402,047,632 pounds, valued at \$29,696,823.

Miss Elizabeth Chesser has devoted the last year to investigating the condition of women prisoners in England. She declares that she found very few skilled workers among them, the vast majority being women without a trade or education.

An apparatus used in Berlin for training butchers' apprentices in the killing of animals by the hammer method is described in Popular Mechanics. The apparatus has an indicator and scale which tells the force of the blow, so that the apprentices soon learn just the force they require to make the killing as humane as possible.

An interesting experiment is being made in the higher education of women at King's College, London. The idea is that there is just as much educational value in a careful study of the principles of managing the home and young children as in the course usually read for the taking of a degree.

All-steel street cars are being made for the United Railway Company of St. Louis. Steel is to take the place of wood, not because of the danger of fire or destruction in collision, but because the cars can be made lighter in this way, and will cost less for upkeep. It is estimated that from \$50 to \$60 a year can be saved in the operating cost of each car, owing to its lighter weight.

The teacher in room No. 7, Cadiz public schools, one day last week asked the class in English to give some examples in composition by writing a few personal such as are contained in the columns of newspapers. One of the younger members of the class won the plaudits of his fellows by writing: "The college boys have returned to their schools to wait for another vacation."—Cadiz (O.) Democrat.

In the national forests of Arizona and New Mexico the prairie dog has become such a pest that the United

States forest service has decided to carry out an active campaign for its extermination. Poisons are used, such as strychnine, cyanide of potassium, anise oil and molasses, the poison being smeared over wheat. The riders carry the wheat in a tin pail supported by a gunny sack slung across the shoulder.

FEATS OF SPORTSMEN.

Fishing and Shooting Records of the Past Have Few Modern Equals.

Are the sporting records of to-day as good as those of our great-grandfathers? Are the sportsmen of to-day, on the points of skill and endurance, to be compared with those of the past, when we consider modern improvements and modern conditions?

Has anybody, for instance, ever rivaled the great catch of salmon made by the tenth Lord Home in April, 1795? C. G. Barrington, who tells the story, says:

"It was a rainy day, with an east wind, and Lord Home caught thirty-six salmon, weighing from six to thirty-six pounds. Apart from the amazing luck of the day, the fact is memorable for the mere powers of endurance displayed. Lord Home used to fish with a short rod—he thought fifteen feet was the best length for a salmon rod—and a thick hair line, so that the actual exertion of casting would not have been so great as it would be with a 17-foot or an 18-foot rod. For that matter, too, he must have been nearly all day long playing the thirty-six fish. But his record is a record which the increase of netting has probably established as impossible to beat.

Going on to shooting, has anybody ever beaten the record of the second Lord Malmesbury? "He kept a memorandum of every shot he fired for forty years, ending with the year 1840. He fired 54,987 shots, killed 38,454 head of game, and missed 16,533 times; besides that he calculated the distance which he walked, which would do credit to a hard-worked postman. He was out, taking one day with another, four hours a day for ninety days in the year, and walked two and a half miles an hour, so that in the forty seasons he covered some 36,200 miles. Perhaps there may still be some treasured countryside where a man may walk with a gun over his own manors for ninety days in the year, but how many men who walk even thirty days keep a record of every cartridge fired—more, for Lord Malmesbury even noted down every kind of game that he fired at?"

Then there is the extraordinary record in marksmanship of Horatio Ross, who in a pigeon match with Lord Macdonald gave five yards and then won the match with a total of 52 pigeons out of 53 shots at 35 yards. Another extraordinary feat not frequently performed was that he would go out and kill as many as twenty swallows before breakfast. It was Ross who offered to walk anybody to London for 500 pounds, and nobody would accept the challenge.—Tit-Bits.

You never hear a great deal of a criminal after bloodhounds are put on his trail.

TO AVOID DROWNING.

What to Do if You Fall in Water and Cannot Swim.

There are chronicled every summer a long list of fatal drowning accidents which plunge thousands into mourning, and the pity of it is that a little knowledge of watermanship and ordinary care might have prevented most of them. To ignorance or carelessness in entering and leaving a boat or while in it; to venturing in open water unprepared, and to neglect of the rudimentary principles of watermanship can be traced half the recorded fatalities.

No one should ever take out rowing persons who do not know how to swim without first ascertaining that the boat is safe and seaworthy and provided with the necessary paraphernalia for eventualities. It is when one least expects it that accidents occur, writes L. de B. Handley in the special vacation number of Recreation, and the only way to avoid them is to be prepared at all times. A stout bowline, enough life preservers to go around, an anchor, something to bale with and an extra pair of oars should be carried on principle. You may not need them ninety-nine times out of a hundred, but on that hundredth time they may mean life or death.

In getting into a boat one should try to step right into the bottom over the keel, or if this is too great a reach, on to the middle of the seat and then down. Stepping on the gunwale has been responsible for numberless capsize and it is a good idea when inexperienced people are embarking to take hold of the boat and steady it. Enter if possible where you intend to sit and in such a manner that you will not have to turn afterwards.

The weight should be distributed as evenly as possible, in a small boat, with slight preference to the stern. If the bow is buried the least head-swell will flood the boat and if the stern is too deep a following sea may swamp it. In making a landing one should approach at an angle, shipping the inward oar a few yards away and rounding up by backing with the outward one. It is dangerous to stretch out over the gunwale to reach for float or pier. In landing the person in the bow should be first, taking the bowline with him and steadying the boat for the others.

I will not insult the intelligence of the reader by advising against rocking the boat or indulging in like titillating skylarking. One must be decidedly lacking in gray matter to choose such pastimes. There are certain rules about one's behavior in a small craft, however, which should be kept constantly in mind. For instance, should it be necessary for two people to change places they should keep well over the keel until ready to pass each other and then standing face to face move to either side simultaneously that the boat may not lose its balance. Also, whether in picking up anything from the water or in helping a swimmer it is advisable to use the stern and not the side.

When a boat is capsized do not try to climb into it again. It will sustain you easily if you just lean on it, as will any fair-sized piece of wreckage like an oar, a spar, or a board, but attempt to climb over them and they will surely sink with you. And speaking about this, when you are being helped or towed do not hang onto your rescuer or boat with bent arms, as this draws the body up and offers great resistance. Outstretched arms will increase your chances of getting ashore.

Wit of the Youngsters

Teacher—Harry, what did you make a face at me for? Harry—Please, ma'am, because I didn't know you were lookin'.

Helen—Tommy, why doesn't the sea run over if all the big rivers flow into it? Tommy—'Cause the sea is full of sponges, that's why.

Sunday School Superintendent—Elsie, can you tell me anything about the epistles? Little Elsie—I guess they were the wives of the apostles.

"Why, Ethel, what's the matter?" asked her mother, as the little one almost choked at the dinner table. "I got a piece of bread head first down my mough pipe," explained Ethel.

Sunday School Teacher—What do we learn from the story of the man who was told to take up his bed and walk? Small Sammie—We learn that they had folding beds in ancient times.

New Spring at Carlsbad.

Another hot spring was recently added to the nineteen which Carlsbad had for years enjoyed. Workmen who were engaged in clearing out the channels of the "Muhlbrunn" suddenly broke into a new spring of hot mineral water twenty-two feet below the surface of the ground.

His Dilemma.

"I'm in a difficulty over my girl."
"What's wrong?"
"I've been saying such nice things to her that she's getting conceited. If I stop she'll think I don't care for her any longer, and if I go on she'll think she's too good for me."—London Mail.

Canine Fashion Note.

Spaniel—Going to have your hair cut to look like a lion this summer? Newfoundland—Not much. Some of these Teddy imitators might take me for easy game.—Kansas City Times.

GREAT IDEAS ARE NOT BORN.

Some Inventions That Were Evolved After Many Years.

"Great ideas are not born; they evolve. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory," says Sir Joshua Reynolds.

While Sir Joshua's remark was intended to apply more particularly to art it is equally applicable to other things. Edison is certainly entitled to all the credit accorded him as the inventor of the phonograph, though Fenby had patented a phonograph for reproducing piano music fourteen years before Edison's patents were applied for. McCormick is properly credited as the inventor of the reaping machine, though he was beaten in the race to the patent office in 1834 by Obed Hussey. Both McCormick and Hussey, however, were familiar with the patents taken out in 1806 by Richard French and John Hawkins, and some English historians claim priority over all for the impractical invention of Rev. Patrick Bell in 1827.

The electric telegraph is credited to Morse, who made his first public demonstration in 1835 over a wire half a mile long. The first utterance that set this idea in motion dates back to the middle of the 17th century and several crude systems were in use before 1800. Jonathan Grant, Jr., on Oct. 4, 1800, sent a message from Boston to Martha's Vineyard, a distance of ninety miles, and received an answer within ten minutes. In 1816, Dr. John R. Cox, and in 1821 the inventive genius of Wheatstone, made interesting experiments that were links in this chain of telegraphic development. In 1827, Harrison Dyer transmitted signals over a line two miles long, on Long Island. Then came Morse, whose three years of experimenting resulted in the public exhibit of 1835. Dr. Charles T. Jackson, who was recognized and rewarded by the French Academy of Sciences, claimed that Morse had appropriated his ideas. The telegraph was not born; it was evolved. Wireless telegraphy was not conceived in the brain of Marconi for Lindsay of Dundee had taken out a patent on this idea—for ideas are the really patentable things—in 1854, twenty years before Marconi was born.

Clocks are credited to the 13th century; yet it is known that Pope Paul I, in 760 A. D., sent a timepiece to King Pepin of France. The theory of gravitation is a discovery attributed to Newton and bears date of 1687, notwithstanding that the same idea was advanced by Kepler seventeen years before. In 1682, Halley discovered the comet that still bears his name; yet Apian described the same comet in 1531. The airship and aeroplane of our day are but the offspring of the old Montgolfier balloon of 1782. An invention that made 1829 memorable was Walker's lucifer match, but the same idea, in crude form, was utilized by Hanckwitz in 1680. Our great-grandmother's grandmothers used to roll up a piece of paper in the shape of a funnel through which to send out the call for meals to the men in the field. Edison elaborated the idea somewhat and patented the megaphone.

A Visitation.

Uncle Zachariah Potter was a person of renown,
Much respected for his knowledge by the dwellers in his town.
He had dipped into the mystic in a desultory way
And he dabbled in clairvoyance just to pass an idle day.
"Psychological phenomena," he didn't understand,
But he knew about the "spirits" and the "inner circle band";
He had seen them jiggle tables and he had a deal of faith
In the acrobatic antics of an agitated wrath.

'Twas a wild and wintry evening when the facts that I relate
Came to Uncle Zachariah, who, ensconced before the grate,
Got to nodding very nicely and had just begun to nap,
When he heard a noise that sounded like a rather forceful tap—
On the casement of the window in the room across the hall
And he reasonably concluded that a ghost had come to call.
Once again it was repeated—then a sort of sliding screech,
As of some poor soul in torment and without the gift of speech.

Then a sound still more peculiar filled his inmost soul with dread,
'Twas as if a ghostly legion cross the floor with rhythmic tread,
And he heard a rattling, trapping, as if someone at the door
Craved admission to a parlor where he'd never been before;
Then an icy breath enwrapped him, filling all the silent room
With a chill like emanations from the portals of the tomb,
And the fitful firelight flaring till the shadows deeper grew
Spoke a presence far more awful than mere mortal ever knew.

Uncle Zachariah shivered as he felt the icy breath,
And his soul was filled with horror of this harbinger of death.
But his study of the mystic had convinced him that a ghost
Much preferred a relaxation of the senses in a host;
He believed he could relax them, as the place and time seemed ripe,
So he tried and was assisted with a piece of leaden pipe.
His success cannot be doubted—when he awakened from his swoon,
Zachariah's ghost had vanished with the family's silver spoons.
—Chicago News.

For Boys and Girls

The Think-Box.

I've got a thing inside my head
That's made of tacks and spoils of
thread,
And little sticks, and wheels, and
springs,
And scissors, and all sorts of things.
Besides, it's like a little trap;
When thoughts come in I hear it
snap!
And there it's got 'em, in a trice,
The Vilest trap gets little mice.
It's like Dad's typewriter machine,
With clocks, and such things, in be-
tween.
It's something like his cam'ra, too;
And like my paints—red, green, and
blue.
It ticks out thoughts and ticks 'em
in,
As fast as all the wheels can spin.
It makes me think of things for
lunch,
And wooden guns, and funny Punch
And Judy, and of Puss in Boots.
And Grandmama, and soldier-suits.
It makes me think of motor cars,
Of sixteen rabbits and ten stars.
It makes me want a piece of rope,
A hammer and Dad's shaving soap.
It makes me break my china cup,
And get my suit all dirtied up.
Guess what it's just been telling me?
It said I must go quietly
And find that great big heavy jar—
The one where all the cookies are.
—Julian Street, in Everybody's

CHIMNEY SWEEPS OF PARIS.

In that delightful story by Charles Kingsley, "The Water Babies," Tom, the hero, was a chimney sweep before he was turned into a water baby. Probably some of the children who have read the book have wondered why we never see any chimney sweeps; if chimney sweeps were real; if Tom's being a chimney sweep wasn't just part of the fairy tale, anyhow.

But it was not. Little, sooty, black faced chimney sweeps like Tom were very common in big cities like London and Paris once upon a time, and the reason they are rarely seen now is that chimneys are quite differently built, with the introduction of pipes and other modern contrivances and it would be impossible for even the leanest boy to climb up the length of one.

In Paris there are still a few small chimney sweeps to be seen, and their duty is to sweep out baker's chimneys and ovens. These little fellows come up from Savoy every winter, accompanied by their masters, men who take most of their earnings and work them hard enough, you may be sure. If you should go to Paris some winter, you would very likely hear on a frosty morning the musical cry:

"Oo! Oo! Ramoneur du haut en bas!"—which means "Sweeper from top to bottom."

And if you looked out of the window, you would see a sooty little boy, with his brush over his shoulder and his casque—the cap he uses to protect his hair from soot—on his head. He carries, too, a bag in which to collect the soot. His master goes with him on his rounds, has routed him out of bed good and early, at 4 o'clock or before.

By and by some baker, hearing the cry of the "sweeper," beckons to him, and he and his master go into the baker's shop. The master takes the boy on his shoulders and "totes" him to the mouth of the oven or chimney.

"Shout when you reach the top," he warns him.

Scrapper in hand, the boy climbs away, using his feet, his knees and his elbows. In a few minutes he passes the second story, the third, the fourth and fifth, and presently emerges from the top of the chimney. Then he draws a deep breath and shouts:

"Oo-oo, swee-e-p!"

Then, turning, he descends, scraping off what soot is left as he goes, with his little scraper. He gets a good deal on his clothes and his face, too, so that if it were not for his bright eyes twinkling out of his sooty face, his own mother wouldn't know him.

Arrived at the bottom, the small sweep gathers up the soot there in his sack, puts it over his shoulder and starts in search of another chimney. For sweeping a chimney the master, who doesn't do it, is paid a little more than a franc. A franc is not quite 20 cents in American money. Of this franc the boy sweep gets a few sous, which are the French pennies. Yet so frugal is the little Savoyard that when he returns to Savoy in the spring he carries with him quite a nest egg. In Savoy he minds the goats and breathes the fresh air and eats the scanty fare—for they are very poor, these Savoyards—till the fall comes, and then back to his old master in Paris and his chimney work. By the time he is too big to sweep chimneys he has saved up enough to buy a tiny "holding"—which means the right to work a bit of land owned by some one else—and so he marries and settles down in Savoy, and some other sweeper goes to Paris in his place.—New York Tribune.

GOOD REFERENCES.

"There is no doubt of it, he was anything but a promising subject," said the chief of a gigantic railroad corporation, speaking of his confidential clerk.

"When he first came to me to apply for a position in the office, I smiled, for he seemed so incongruous a figure in any place I had to offer. Of course I turned him down promptly, although as gently as I could, but the matter did not end there. He was persistent, and as regularly as once a month he appeared at my door to ask if there was yet any opening for him. Now I like persistence if exercised along proper lines, and, the more I saw of him, the more I liked the boy. But what to do with him was the question. He was too big for an errand boy, and too green looking for any of the departments, and yet I had not the heart to discourage him entirely.

"At length a vacancy occurred in the general office; the boy who looked after the letter files and attended to the copying left us; and, just as I was casting about for a suitable successor, John arrived again.

"When I asked him for references, however, he looked dazed, and I was forced to explain that he must have some one vouch for his business ability, punctuality, and conscientiousness, when he smilingly assured me that he could give me such a letter, and went out with flying feet. The next day he handed me this remarkable epistle, and on the strength of it I hired him:

"Dear Sir—This is to certify that I never have to call my son John but once in the morning. He does his chores around the house and farm exactly when they should be done, and without having to be told more than once how to do them. He knows when not to talk, and that there is time for work as well as play. He has also learned the meaning of 'mine and thine.' I can conscientiously recommend him to any position within the scope of his intelligence to fill."
(Signed)

HOW THE GIRLS HELPED.

A business man who had met with reverses passed through a trying year. At every turn failure stared him in the face. Every curtailment possible was made, and he weathered the storm, after protracted anxieties which sprinkled his hair with gray. After the crisis was over, a friend expressed his sympathy for the ordeal through which he had passed, and admitted that he was surprised that he had kept up his courage so long.

"I should have given up but for one thing," the other answered. "The attitude of my family kept heart in me. You know my girls are just at an age when money means a great deal. They stopped their music and painting lessons, without a murmur. They wore their last year's gowns and retimed their last year's hats, and nothing in their manner indicated that they looked at it as a hardship. All the servants but one were dismissed and the girls took hold of the work of the house as if it had been play.

When I came home to dinner at night, I was expected to pass judgment on Mary's biscuits or Ellen's coffee. They made mistakes and turned them to account in keeping up my spirits, and sometimes, after my hardest days, I have laughed till the tears came over Lelia's account of how she cut both sleeves of her shirt waist for the same arm, and her difficulties in getting them adjusted.

"Yes, the crisis is over and we have smooth sailing again. But that is actually less of a comfort to me than the thought of the gallant way my girls stood by me in that year of trial. It was the 'silver lining to the cloud.'—Young People's World.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

One day when there was fish for dinner little Edna said: "Mama, I know what a shad it."

"What is it, dear?" queried her mother.

"It's a porcupine turned outside in," was the triumphant explanation.

Teacher—"Why do you persist in saying the trunk is the front instead of the middle of the body, Johnny?"

Small Johnny—"Well, the trunk of the elephant I saw at the circus was in front."

Caller—"Harold, when you get to be the head of a family what will you say to your children when they are naughty?"

Harold—"Oh, I'll do like papa. I'll tell them how good I was when I was a kid."—Philadelphia Record.

JOHN MORTIMER'S FATHER.

"I figured that any father who had thus made sure of the foundation of his boy's character would look after his further training, and I should be safe in hiring the boy with such a backing. I did, and have had no cause to regret it; for his career has more than justified his unusual recommendation. He has risen rapidly from his former position, and, as he is still young, there is every opportunity for him to go still higher."
—Maude E. S. Hymers, in Spare Moments.

The more a man can be a hero to his mother, asserts the New York Press, the less he can to anybody else.

The tax books show that 20 New York women are assessed for upward of \$17,000,000, and more than a score of others are required to pay from \$250,000 to \$100,000.

DOCTORS' FEES IN GERMANY.

Rector of the University of Munich Sites the Profession.

Prof. von Bollinger, who has held the chair of pathology at the University of Munich for more than 25 years, and who is again rector of the university for another year, recently delivered an address which has stirred up the physicians of Germany. Instead of reading an essay on some scientific subject at his installation, he talked about doctors' fees.

"It is a masterpiece of the author's," says the New York Medical Journal, "who otherwise very seldom appears before the public. He shows that in Leipzig the visit of a physician is paid for by two-thirds of the inhabitants with an amount which is from one-half to two-thirds of the minimum charge allowed the physicians by the Prussian law of 1815. It will, therefore, be seen that the income of the physician has in reality greatly decreased, for the purchasing power of money has become less, the cost of living has much increased, and the present expenditure of time and money for a medical education can absolutely not be reckoned as on a par with that of 100 years ago.

"To better this condition has been the aim of the German Medical Association for the last ten years under the able leadership of Prof. Lobker, of Bochum.

"It is gratifying to note that the rector of a great university has concerned himself with such matters."—New York Times.

Legal Information

The Alabama Prohibition Law (Gen. St. Sp. Sess. 1907, p. 71, par. 1) makes it unlawful to sell any alcoholic, spirituous, vinous, or malt liquors, intoxicating bitters or beverages, or other liquors or beverages, by whatever name called, which, if drunk to excess, will produce intoxication. The defendant in Marks v. State, 43 Southern Reporter, 864, was convicted of selling a beverage known as mead or metheglin, containing about 146 per cent alcohol. The Alabama Supreme Court, in reviewing the case, defines separately each of the several kinds of liquors referred to, and construes the phrase, "which if drunk to excess will produce intoxication," as qualifying or referring only to the clause, "for other liquors or beverages by whatever name called," which immediately precedes it. The term "alcoholic liquors," as used in the law, the court concludes does not necessarily include every article or compound which contains alcohol. On the other hand, it does embrace all articles which contain alcohol or malt in such proportions, as are or may be used as an intoxicating beverage, no matter what it is called, or what else it contains, and although the vendor or dispenser did not know it contained such ingredients or could be so used as an intoxicating beverage.

In the matter of In re Western Implement Co., 166 Federal Reporter, 576, one of the questions for determination by the United States District Court was whether money due the State of Minnesota for binding twine manufactured by the State in its penitentiary and sold was a debt owing the state within the meaning of Rev. Laws Minn. 1905, pars. 4618, 4633, which give priority in distributing the estates of insolvents to debts owing to the United States and to the State. Having reached an affirmative conclusion as to this step of the decision, the court takes up the question whether the debt was such as was entitled to priority under section 64 of the National Bankruptcy Act, July 1, 1898, giving priority to debts owing to any person who, by the laws of the States or the United States, is entitled to priority. The court concludes that Congress intended to preserve to the States and to the United States all existing priorities which, under the laws of the several States and the United States, they were entitled to assert, not only at the time the national bankruptcy law was enacted, but also such priorities as should subsequently be given by law, and that the State is "a person" within such clause, and its claim for binding twine manufactured in its prison and sold is a "debt," which is entitled to priority in the distribution of the insolvent's estate.

Her Own Minstrels.

"Mist'ar Johnsing, wot am de diff'ence 'tween a burglar in a jew'ry sto' an' his pal on de outside?"

"I shall have to give that up, George. What is the difference between a burglar in a jewelry store and his pal on the outside?"

"De one cops de watches an' de udah watches de cops."

"Ladies and gentlemen, the gifted vocalist, Sig. Jarr de Rafter, will now sing the pathetic ballad entitled: 'Oh, Doctor, My Heart Is Breaking: You Have Pulled the Wrong Tooth!'"
—Chicago Tribune.

The Rascal's Baedeker.

There was once a man arrested on suspicion of a generally fraudulent life. On him was found a map of England, and certain of the towns were marked with the initials T. W. K. The detectives who traced his career of deception from town to town took quite a long time to discover that those letters were a personal warning, and stood for "Too Well Known."

Plata Talk.

"I think she's double-faced!"
"Oh, don't say that! One face like here is bad enough!"—Comic Cuts.

GASOLINE POISONING.

Sudden Death in This Form a Menace to "Joy Riders."

Three cases of poisoning by gasoline fumes, two of them from stationary gasoline engines and the third from a motor fire engine, have been noted during the last year. In the latter case, although the doors of the engine house were all open, the operator of the engine was attacked with dizziness and fell to the floor unconscious. The body was pale and covered with a cold perspiration. Upon regaining consciousness he suffered from nausea and vertigo for two days. It subsequently transpired that he had been poisoned in a similar manner once before. Other persons in the building at the time were affected, but less seriously than the operator.

The most dangerous poison in the exhaust gases from an automobile seems to be carbon monoxide, the poison of ordinary illuminating gas, although Prof. Burstall states that both marsh gas and acetylene may also be present. None of these gases occurs in any quantity in the exhaust if the combustion in the cylinders is complete. Unfortunately, however, the fact is that the exhaust from a great many motors is extremely offensive because of incomplete cylinder combustion, hence actively poisonous.

In the streets these fumes are simply a nuisance. It is perhaps worth noting, however, that the sickness of a London traffic "bobby" stationed at a crossing where there was heavy motor traffic was ascribed by his doctor to the exhaust gases from the machines. In a closed building, and particularly in the relatively limited space of a private garage, these fumes may seriously menace health, and even life. The only reason more such fatalities have not occurred is that when the engine combustion is incomplete there is formed, as a rule, along with the carbon monoxide, various irritating gases or vapors which drive the occupants of the building into the open air before fatal poisoning occurs. Pure carbon monoxide is a deadly and rapid poison. In the few cases where it has been breathed undiluted the victim has fallen as if struck by lightning.

It may be worth recalling that the fumes from gasoline itself are poisonous as well as highly inflammable. In factories where petroleum is refined poisoning among the workmen is not uncommon. The symptoms often resemble those induced by drunkenness.

NOISELESS CAR WHEELS.

New Steel Variety Has a Life Service of 140,000 Miles.

The order for 30,000 steel car wheels placed with the Carnegie Steel Company at Pittsburgh by the Chicago City Railway Company and the Chicago Railways Company has a double significance. It is further evidence that the railroads of the United States are reaching their limit as to the withholding for financial reasons of orders for equipment, and it is also gratifying assurance that for Chicagoans at least the "flat" street car wheel with its pounding annoyance is to become a thing of the past.

The steel wheels which have been adopted for Chicago are known as the noiseless wheels, because they will last three and a half times as long as the old style car wheels and are guaranteed not to wear flat. The limit of endurance of a solid steel forged wheel is 140,000 miles, while the maximum limit of usefulness of the cast steel wheel is less than 40,000 miles. The new wheels are not only stronger, but they are lighter than the old wheels by 800 pounds per car.

The adoption of the solid steel forged and rolled car wheels by the Chicago traction systems foreshadows a general adoption of the more durable wheel by city traction corporations and by railroads generally. If there be economy in the use of the new wheel, its adoption will be compelled as a matter of course; but if it were merely safer and less noisy, it would be used without regard for economy.

While a wheel that can be trusted for service of 140,000 miles on rails of the improved texture such as have been adopted by the Pennsylvania system after severe test, travel will be safer on railroads generally, especially during the winter months, when frost puts a severe strain upon brittle metal which, when subjected to heavy additional stresses is liable to snap at critical moments.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Plea for Open Fireplace.

"If people would only learn to have open fires in their rooms, instead of converting them into hot-air boxes by means of furnaces, there would be fewer colds," said a physician. "Fireplaces and their chimneys are ventilators. To me the beauty of an open fire makes it worth having, but when you consider that it's a sanitary officer, constantly changing the air and driving out germs, it is hard to see how any one can prefer a furnace."

She Explains.

"I love you with my whole heart."
"I can hardly believe that," responded the Boston dandy.

"I swear it!"
"Calm yourself, Waldo. Love is cerebral, not cardiac."—Washington Herald.

A Heroine.

Ellie—Bella never passes a mirror without looking in it.
Stella—Brave girl!—Harper's Weekly.

We are all happier for a lot of things we don't see.

HAY FEVER RAVAGES.

More Prevalent in the United States Than in Other Countries.

In an exhaustive paper on hay fever read at a meeting of the Society of the Alumni of Bellevue Hospital, Dr. W. W. Carter said that the disease, which will be making its annual visitation soon, was not recognized a hundred years ago. Moreover, he said, this annoying complaint is more prevalent in the United States than in any other country, and it has increased to a remarkable extent in the last fifty years. Dr. Carter says:

"Hay fever is an affection of comparatively recent date; there is no positive evidence that it was recognized prior to 1819, when Bostock read before the Royal Medical-Chirurgical Society of London a paper entitled 'A Periodic Affection of the Eyes and Chest,' in which he described his own affliction and attributed it to the sunshine and heat in summer.

"The remarkable increase of this malady during the past half century in this country at once arrests our attention and we seek an explanation. There are within our boundaries in the neighborhood of 100,000 hay fever subjects, and this number is being rapidly augmented. Hay fever, like other reflex neuroses, is pre-eminently an affection of civilized man, and is most common in our large cities, where it is increased with the increased demands for nerve energy.

"On the other hand, the farmer, who comes in contact with more pollen than anyone else, is practically never affected. In this case the immunity may have been acquired by constant contact with the exciting cause of the disease; but what is more likely it comes as a compensation for his simple habits of life.

"Heredity plays a most important part in this affection, and is recognized by various writers in from 40 to 50 per cent of their cases. In regard to the use of drugs, with a view to curing the affection, I must say that my own experiences have been most unsatisfactory. If the patient is unable to go to a hay fever immune district he should avoid excitement and hurry. Exercise increases the number of respirations, consequently the perspiration is a solvent for the pollen, and in the susceptible subject causes the face to itch and burn. Bright sunlight and dust aggravate the symptoms."

A QUESTION OF BALANCE.

The kajarah, a traveling carriage of Persia, consists of two cage-like boxes, suspended one on each side of a mule. The interior of these boxes sometimes boasts a little low seat, but as a rule is innocent of any such luxury. In "Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia," Mrs. M. E. Hume-Griffith tells of these carriages and of the troublous experiences of their occupants. Two persons of about the same weight must sit one of each side, or the result is disastrous.

I remember once being with a large caravan. In one of these kajarahs was traveling a government official and his wife. He was very thin, she was quite the reverse, the result being that the little man was generally up in the air, while the opposite side of the kajarah was weighted down nearly to the ground.

They made all manner of experiments in their endeavor to strike the balance, gathering stones and depositing them in the lighter side, tying bags of fuel to the outside of the kajarah, but all of no avail. At last, in disgust and anger, the woman jumped out without giving her husband any warning. The result, to the onlookers, was ludicrous.

The wife refused all that day again to enter the kajarah, preferring to walk, till one of the muleteers offered her a seat on the top of one of the baggage mules. Her husband was soon balanced with stones picked up by the wayside, and traveled for the rest of that day in peace and comfort. At the end of the stage, however, his wife would not speak to him or cook his dinner for him, and the man came to one of my husband's assistants, and begged him to act as mediator. Even among Moslems there are some strong minded women.

I have traveled many miles in one of these kajarahs, and found them very comfortable and restful, even after riding for hours. When traveling by night, I have slept for hours at a stretch in one of these kajarahs, the steady, measured walk of the mule favoring slumber. Sometimes, however, the monotony is broken by the mule suddenly dropping to its knees, and you find yourself deposited on the ground, shot out like an arrow from a bow.

A Keen Observer.

Ethel, aged three, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee and was telling him of her visit. "Papa, every night John and Frank ask God to make them good boys," said she. "That is nice," said papa. Then thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He ain't done it yet."

Said Uncle Silas.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave, but there are plenty of fellaers who ain't afraid to grab a pick an' shovel an' hit the glory trail."

A woman always thinks it is due to carelessness when anyone else breaks a dish.

A POSSIBLE PRESIDENT.

Those on whose early life fortune has not smiled may find encouragement in a story which the New York Sun prints. With one dollar and twenty cents in his pocket and a black dog as his companion, a 14-year-old boy was found wandering about the streets of a Connecticut town not long ago, seeking a home and a living. Although his supply of worldly goods was limited, the lad, whose name is Frank, had plenty of character, and has found the home.

He was born in New York City. When 8 years old his father died. His mother moved to a Connecticut town, where she bought a small farm, and secured stock, tools and furniture on mortgage to start with.

The boy helped on the farm. As the result of hard work and considerable privation, they accumulated enough money to pay the mortgage on six cows and the farming tools, leaving another on the horses and furniture.

A few months ago the mother died. After the funeral Frank was told that a man had been appointed to settle his mother's affairs. A little later he received two dollars and fifty cents, and was told to take his dog and make his own way in the world.

An official of a near-by town offered him the choice of going to the county home or being bound apprentice to a man who, although called "doctor," did no doctoring. The boy declined both offers, for good reasons, he says, and started from one farm to another looking for work.

The only condition he set on being taken to work was that his dog be allowed to live with him. The dog was old, and a mongrel at that. "But," said Frank, "he is all I have in the world to love, and I'm going to stand by a dog that has been my playmate for years."

He drifted to a small city, and there the police gathered him in. When they fed boy and dog, the boy did not begin to eat until he had selected the best piece of meat on the plate and given it to the dog. He slept with his dog beside him in the hospital room of the police station.

Dog and boy were up early the next morning and went to the railroad station, where the farmers congregate to ship milk to Boston. He asked for a chance to work, but none of them needed him. He was sent to a farmer on the outskirts of the city, but this man was in no need of help. Frank and his dog returned to the police station and spent another night there.

But the story of his search for work had spread about, and had got to a well-to-do farmer, who came to the city the next morning and had a talk with the boy. He was attracted by Frank's intelligence and grit, and engaged him.

"Now," said the farmer, "I'm going to fit you out with new clothes." But Frank demurred to this until he was told that he would have a chance to earn the clothes. "All right," said he. "I'll take them, then."

Now the farmer reports that Frank is capable and always at work. He is happy, his employer is satisfied, and the black dog is happiest of all. In this there is nothing fanciful. Frank stuck to his dog, and he stuck to his purpose to seek work till he got it. It is one example, of many, no doubt, that shows what a boy can achieve by his native strength, with no advantages of birth or environment.

BEAVERS' HOMES.

How the Ingenious Little Builders Construct Their Houses.

When the beavers' dams are completed, the animals separate into small companies to build cabins or houses for themselves. These are constructed upon piles along the borders of the pond. They are of an oval shape, resembling a beehive, and they vary from five feet to ten feet in diameter, according to the number of families they are to accommodate.

These dwellings are never less than two stories high, generally three, and sometimes they contain four apartments. The walls of these are from two feet to three feet thick, formed of the same materials as the dams. On the inside they are made smooth, but left rough without, being rendered impenetrable to rain.

The lower story is about two feet high, the second is formed by a floor of sticks covered with mud, and the upper part terminates with an arched roof. Through each floor there is a passage, and the uppermost floor is always above the level of the water. Each of these huts has two doors, one on the land side to admit of their going out and seeking provisions that way, another under the water and below where it freezes to preserve their communication with the pond.—English Magazine.

The Sycamore.

The sycamore has been called the Egyptian fig tree. The date of its being planted in England is not known, but it was very early. Mary Queen of Scots brought over from France a young sycamore, which she planted in the gardens of Holyrood, and from this have sprung all the beautiful groves of sycamores now to be seen in Scotland.—St. James' Gazette.

A Previous Spectmen.

He—If I'd known how sarcastic you were I never she have married you.
She—You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say, "This is so sudden," when you proposed to me after four years' courtship?—Boston Transcript.

The Southern Indiana Railway Company Third and Last Excursion to Indian Springs Aug. 14 & 15.

On the above dates we will sell excursion tickets to Indian Springs at rate of \$1.10 for the round trip good going on any regular train on above dates, good returning on any regular train up to and including Monday Aug. 16th.

Indian Springs and Trinity Springs are growing in popularity each year. Come join the crowd and spend the week's end at this pleasant and healthful spot. Plenty of room for everybody. Drink plenty of this famous Spring water and come back home Monday feeling like a new person.

Remember the date, this trip will do you good.

For further information call on or write to any of the undersigned.

H. P. RADLEY, G. P. A.

Terre Haute, Ind.

C. V. LINK, T. P. A.

Bedford, Ind.

S. L. CHERRY, Agt.

Seymour, Ind.

Indianapolis, Columbus and Southern Traction Co.



In effect June 1, 1909.

North-bound South-bound
Cars Lv. Seymour Cars Ar. Seymour

TO	FROM
6:53 a. m. I	6:30 a. m. G.
8:13 a. m. I	7:50 a. m. G.
8:53 a. m. I	8:51 a. m. G.
*9:17 a. m. I	9:09 a. m. G.
9:53 a. m. I	9:50 a. m. G.
10:53 a. m. I	10:50 a. m. G.
*11:17 a. m. I	11:09 a. m. G.
11:53 a. m. I	11:50 a. m. G.
12:53 p. m. I	12:50 p. m. G.
*1:17 p. m. I	1:50 p. m. G.
1:53 p. m. I	2:09 p. m. G.
2:53 p. m. I	2:50 p. m. G.
*3:17 p. m. I	3:50 p. m. G.
3:53 p. m. I	4:09 p. m. G.
4:53 p. m. I	4:50 p. m. G.
5:53 p. m. I	5:50 p. m. G.
*6:17 p. m. I	6:09 p. m. G.
6:53 p. m. I	6:50 p. m. G.
7:53 p. m. I	7:50 p. m. G.
*8:17 p. m. I	8:09 a. m. G.
8:53 p. m. I	8:50 a. m. G.
10:20 p. m. I	9:50 a. m. G.
11:55 p. m. I	11:38 a. m. G.

I.—Indianapolis. G.—Greenwood. C.—Columbus.
*—Hoosier Flyers. *—Dixie Flyers. x—Seymour-Indianapolis Limiteds.

Cars make connections at Seymour with trains of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.

For rates and full information see agents and official time table folders in all cars.

General Offices—Columbus, Indiana.

Indianapolis and Louisville Traction Company



In effect June 1, 1909.

Hoosier Flyers leave Seymour for Columbus, Edinburg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indianapolis at: 9:17, 11:17 a. m. and 1:17, 3:17, 6:17, 8:17 p. m.

Dixie Flyers leave Seymour for Crothersville, Scottsburg, Sellersburg, Watson Junction, Jeffersonville and Louisville at: 9:11, 11:11 a. m. and 2:11, 4:11, 6:11, 8:11 p. m.

Local Cars leave Seymour for Louisville and all intermediate points at: 5:54, 7:54, 9:54, 11:54 a. m. and *12:51, 2:51, 4:54, 6:54, *8:54, *11:00.

Local freight service daily except Sunday between Seymour and Jeffersonville. Car arrives at 5:35 p. m. and leaves at 6:30 p. m.

For rates and information see Agents and official time table folders in all cars.

* For Scottsburg only.

H. D. MURDOCK, Supt.

Scottsburg, Ind.

Southern Indiana Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

North Bound.			
No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	
Lv Seymour	6:40am	12:20pm	5:50pm
Lv Bedford	7:55am	1:38pm	7:05pm
Lv Odon	9:01am	2:40pm	8:12pm
Lv Elmore	9:11am	2:49pm	8:22pm
Lv Beehunter	9:27am	3:03pm	8:35pm
Lv Linton	9:42am	3:20pm	8:49pm
Lv Jasonville	10:05am	3:43pm	9:11pm
Ar Terre Haute	10:55am	4:35pm	10:05pm
No. 25, Mixed, Leaves Seymour at 2:25 p. m., arrive at Westport 4:10 p. m.			
South Bound			
No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	
Lv Terre Haute	6:00am	11:15am	5:35pm
Lv Jasonville	6:51am	12:08pm	6:27pm
Lv Linton	7:13am	12:30pm	6:51pm
Lv Beehunter	7:25am	12:43pm	7:04pm
Lv Elmore	7:40am	12:58pm	7:19pm
Lv Odon	7:50am	1:08 pm	7:29pm
Lv Bedford	9:05am	2:20 pm	8:40pm
Ar Seymour	10:15am	3:30pm	9:50pm
No. 28 mixed leaves Westport at 4:40 p. m., arrives at Seymour 6:25 p. m.			
For time tables and further information, apply to local agent, or			
H. P. RADLEY, G. P. & T. A.			
Grand Opera House, Terre Haute.			

THAW SENT BACK TO THE ASYLUM

Court Holds That White's Slayer Is Still Insane.

LEFT NO CRUMB OF COMFORT

In His 7,000-Word Opinion Denying

Harry Thaw's Petition For a Writ of Habeas Corpus, Supreme Court Justice Mills Supports All of Mr. Jerome's Contentions and Knocks Every Prop Out From Under the Petitioner—Thaw Says He Is Not Disheartened and That He Will Carry the Fight to the Court of Appeals.

White Plains, N. Y., Aug. 13.—Complete defeat attended Harry K. Thaw's latest attempt to gain his liberty, when Supreme Court Justice Isaac N. Mills dismissed the writ of habeas corpus and declared that "the release of the petitioner would be dangerous to the public peace and safety."

There is no crumb of comfort for Thaw in the 7,000 word opinion handed down by Justice Mills. All the contentions of his old adversary, District Attorney Jerome, are supported, and it is declared that Thaw is still insane, suffering from persistent delusions, and still as much a paranoiac as on the day he shot Stanford White.

The order for Thaw's commitment to Matteawan asylum was presented to Justice Mills today by Deputy Attorney General Ezra P. Prentice, Thaw, waiting in the White Plains jail, at the rear of the courthouse where the decision was filed, received the news with an outward calmness, which appeared, however, more forced than real. The members of his family and his attorney seemed stunned by the thoroughness of their defeat. Thaw declined to give out any extended statement, contenting himself with the assertion that he was not disheartened and would at once continue his fight for liberty. "My next efforts," he said, "will be centered upon the court of appeals, through which I expect to secure a hearing before a jury in my effort to have my commitment to Matteawan set aside."

The case before the court of appeals, to which Thaw referred, is one which has been under consideration for some time. It came before Justice Mills last October, when Thaw applied for an order setting aside his commitment on the ground that the court which had committed him was without power to issue such an order, inasmuch as Thaw at the time was not on trial on a question of sanity. At the same time he asked to have the question of his mental condition submitted to a jury. When Justice Mills promptly denied this application, the case was carried to the appellate division, which sustained Justice Mills. Thaw's attorney has already made a second appeal, and it is upon this appeal that Thaw says his efforts will now be based.

Justice Mills, in his opinion, reaches three formal conclusions: That Thaw was insane when he killed White; that he has not yet recovered; and that public peace and safety would be endangered by setting him at large. He upholds District Attorney Jerome's contentions that Thaw still cherishes delusions regarding the practices of Stanford White and his associates. He characterizes Evelyn Thaw's tale of the Madison Square tower room and similar stories about White told at the sanity hearing, as "wild and grossly improbable, evidently to any normal mind grossly exaggerated." He asserts his belief in the testimony of Susan Merrill regarding Thaw's alleged pervert practices, and points out the contrast between Thaw's chivalrous attitude as a protector of young American womanhood, and his private life.

Justice Mills expressed deep sympathy for Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw, the prisoner's mother, and her exposition of the "horrors of Matteawan" on the stand evidently prompted his recommendation that Thaw be allowed greater privileges at that institution. At the same time he gently chided Mrs. Thaw for her censure of District Attorney Jerome, of whom he said: "I find no evidence of any heartlessness or undue zeal on his part."

Harry K. Thaw.

Many Skeletons Unearthed.

Anderson, Tex., Aug. 12.—Twenty-one skeletons were unearthed near Piedmont in an excavation made by the Houston & Texas Central railroad. Eleven others were found a month ago in the same place. The oldest residents know nothing in regard to them, and it is believed they were Spaniards, killed in battle with the aborigines, while on an exploring expedition.

The Secret of Long Life.

A French scientist has discovered one secret of long life. His method deals with the blood. But long ago millions of Americans had proved Electric Bitters prolongs life and makes it worth living. It purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, rebuilds wasted nerve cells, imparts life and tone to the entire system. It's a godsend to weak, sick and debilitated people. "Kidney trouble had blighted my life for months," writes W. M. Sherman, of Cushing, Me., but Electric Bitters cured me entirely. Only 50c at Andrew-Schwenk Drug Co.

Caught in Treacherous Sand.

Peoria, Ill., Aug. 12.—Adam Ross, eight years old, son of Nicholas Ross, of this city, while on a fishing expedition with other members of his family, waded into Farm creek near its mouth and the Illinois river, and was swallowed up by quicksands. The boy's body was only recovered after strenuous and incessant labor.

Washington Once Gave Up

to three doctors; was kept in bed for five weeks. Blood poison from a spider's bite caused large, deep sores to cover his leg. The doctors failed, then "Bucklen's Arnica Salve" completely cured me," writes John Washington, of Bosqueville, Tex. For eczema, boils, burns and piles it's supreme. 25c at Andrew-Schwenk Drug Co.

Tracked to the Coast.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 12.—Walter Myer, age nineteen, son of a prominent Vincennes (Ind.) man, was arraigned in the federal court and confessed robbing the mails of drafts worth \$3,000. He had been tracked to the coast by Postoffice Inspector William E. La. of Indianapolis.

Revolts At Cold Steel.

"Your only hope," said three doctors to Mrs. M. E. Fisher, of Detroit, Mich., suffering from severe rectal trouble, "lies in operation." "Then I used Dr. King's New Life Pills," she writes, "till wholly cured." They prevent Appendicitis, cure Constipation, Headache. 25 cents at Andrew-Schwenk Drug Co.

Greece's Reply Unsatisfactory.

Constantinople, Aug. 13.—The porte has decided to address a more energetic note to Greece in which it will be stated that Greece's reply to the Turkish note concerning Crete is unsatisfactory.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Seymour People Have Absolute Proof of Deeds at Home.

It's not words, but deeds that prove true merit.

The deeds of Doan's Kidney Pills, For Seymour kidney sufferers, Have made their local reputation.

Proof lies in the testimony of Seymour people who have been cured to stay cured.

Mrs. H. Moritz, of 405 East Fifth street, Seymour, Ind., says: "I gave statement in 1899 telling how a member of my family had been cured of a weakness of the kidneys by Doan's Kidney Pills. It is now October, 1906, and during this lapse of time there has been no return of the trouble whatever. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills a great many times and will continue to do so."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

Advertised Letters.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Seymour and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to the dead letter office.

LADIES.

Minnie Forrest.

Miss Lucy Mull.

Miss Allie Pritchard.

Miss Edna Robbins.

GENTS.

Mr. G. C. James.

WM. P. MASTERS, P. M.

Seymour, Aug. 9, 1909.

Soldier Balks Death Plot.

It seemed to J. A. Stone, a civil war veteran, of Kemp, Tex., that a plot existed between a desperate lung trouble and the grave to cause his death. "I contracted a stubborn cold," he writes, "that developed a cough that stuck to me, in spite of all remedies, for years. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which restored my health completely. I now weigh 178 pounds." For severe Colds, obstinate Coughs, Hemorrhages, Asthma, and to prevent Pneumonia it's unrivaled. Guaranteed by Andrew-Schwenk Drug Co.

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THE NATIONAL GAME

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Pittsburg	73	28	.723
Chicago	67	33	.670
New York	59	37	.615
Cincinnati	47	43	.495
Philadelphia	46	54	.460
St. Louis	40	56	.417
Brooklyn	36	63	.364
Boston	26	75	.257

At Cincinnati— R.H.E.
Boston... 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1 9 1
Cincinnati 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—2 4 2
Batteries—White, Shaw; Gasper, McLean.

Second Game— R.H.E.
Cincinnati... 3 0 0 3 0 0 2 0 *—8 9 1
Boston... 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—2 8 4
Batteries—Ferguson, Shaw; Rowan, McLean.

At Pittsburg— R.H.E.
Philadelphia 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 0 0—3 6 1
Pittsburg... 0 0 4 1 1 2 5 0 *—13 17 0
Batteries—Moren, Dooan, Martell; Willis, Gibson, Simen.

Second Game— R.H.E.
Philadelphia... 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 1—5 10 2
Pittsburg... 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 0—4 11 3
Batteries—Corridon, Dooan; Maddox, Gibson.

At Chicago— R.H.E.
New York... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5 0—5 8 2
Chicago... 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 5 2
Batteries—White, Meyers, Schlei; Brown, Archer.

Second Game— R.H.E.
New York... 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 0 0—3 8 0
Chicago... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 0
Batteries—Mathewson and Meyers; Pfeister, Higginbotham and Archer and Moran.

At St. Louis— R.H.E.
St. Louis... 2 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—6 9 6
Brooklyn... 0 5 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—6 17 2
Called on account of darkness. Batteries—Rucker, Berger; Sallee, Phelps, Bliss.

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Detroit	63	41	.606
Philadelphia	63	41	.606
Boston	63	44	.588
Cleveland	53	52	.505
Chicago	49	54	.476
New York	49	54	.476
St. Louis	44	56	.440
Washington	31	74	.295

At New York— R.H.E.
Chicago... 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2 10 1
New York... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 3
Batteries—Scott, Owens; Quinn, Klenow.

At Boston— R.H.E.
Cleveland... 0 1 0 2 0 0 1 0 0—4 6 2
Boston... 2 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0—5 11 2
Batteries—Young, Boles, Easterly; Wood, Hall, Carrigan.

At Philadelphia— R.H.E.
St. Louis... 0 0 3 0 0 1 0 0 0—4 5 2
Phil'd'phia 5 0 0 0 0 3 1 1 *—10 13 0
Batteries—Bailey, Graham, Criger; Bender, Livingston.

At Washington— R.H.E.
Detroit... 0 0 1 0 5 0 0 0 0—6 5 1
Washington 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 6 4
Batteries—Mullin, Schmidt; Johnson, Kahoe, Blakenship.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION			
	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Minneapolis	67	47	.587
Milwaukee	65	51	.560
Louisville	60	55	.522
Columbus	58	59	.496
St. Paul	56	59	.487
Kansas City	53	60	.469
Toledo	53	63	.457
Indianapolis	52	66	.441

At St. Paul— R.H.E.
St. Paul... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 0
Indianapolis 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 5 0
Batteries—Steele, Leroy, Spencer; Glaze, Howley.

At Milwaukee— R.H.E.
Toledo... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 1
Milwaukee... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 *—1 4 0
Batteries—West, Abbott; McGlynn, Smith.

At Kansas City— R.H.E.
Kansas City 0 0 0 2 0 1 3 0 *—6 7 0
Columbus... 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—2 7 0
Batteries—Link, James; Dornier, Sullivan.

At Minneapolis— R.H.E.
Louisville... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 0
Minneapolis 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 *—1 5 1
Batteries—Hogg, Peitz; Young and Block.

BARRED FROM MAILS

Another Indianapolis "Sanatorium" in Bad With Uncle Sam.

Washington, Aug. 13.—A fraud order has been issued by the postoffice department against L. T. Leach, M. D.; Dr. L. T. Leach and the Parkview Sanatorium of Indianapolis. Dr. Leach is a son-in-law of Dr. Bye, against whom a fraud order was issued a few days ago and advertised as a cancer specialist. It is asserted that 90 per cent of the patients were treated by mail, as "such treatment was rated six times cheaper than the sanatorium treatment." A postoffice inspector asserts that he entered into correspondence with Dr. Leach and purchased the mail treatment. He had the medicines analyzed by the government bureau of chemistry, whose experts announced it cottonseed oil and ordinary tonics. The methods of Dr. Leach and Dr. Bye are the same, the department says.

Bleached Flour Under Ban.

Muscatine, Ia., Aug. 13.—The United States government has seized a carload of flour here under the charge of a violation of the pure food and drug act, because the flour was bleached. This is to be a test case by the government on the question of bleached flour and affects every flour mill in the country.



Anty Drudge Advises a Bride.

Mrs. Bride—"I'm going to have all the latest conveniences in my kitchen: rotary washing machine, copper washboiler—"

Anty Drudge—"Stop, my dear! Leave out that 'wash-boiler.' The first thing to get is a box of Fels-Naptha soap. It's the greatest of modern conveniences. It'll save you more labor and trouble than anything else. Makes boiling clothes unnecessary, for it cleans 'em in cool or lukewarm water."

By using Fels-Naptha any woman can save hours on her day's washing.